

Commentary

Is American Jewry in Crisis?

by Milton Himmelfarb



The Prospects of War in the Middle East *Gil Carl AlRoy*

A Condition of Servitude—A Story *John Thompson*

Among the Aged *Dorothy Rabinowitz*

Beneath the Moon *George Lichtheim*

A Memory of Mexico *Brian Glanville*

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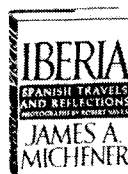
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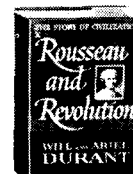
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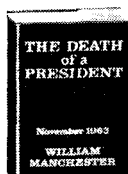
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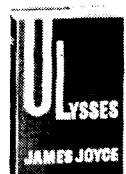
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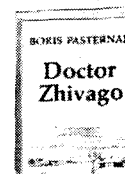
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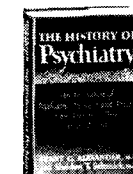
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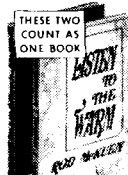
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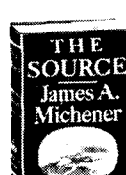
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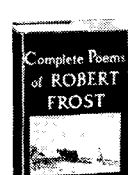
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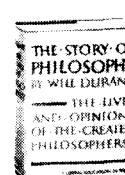
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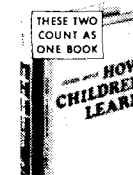
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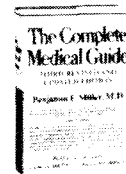
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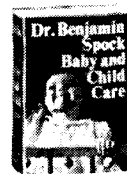
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Commentary

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Liberalism & Columbia

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I must have read close to half a million words about the Columbia University "insurrection." . . . But even having read dozens of articles I had no real sense of either the actual events at Columbia or the causes. "On the Steps of Low Library" by Diana Trilling [November 1968] was the first article I have read that put the pieces in place in a comprehensible way. Connecting Columbia and Norman Mailer's Pentagon was a brilliant device that added up to one of the best essays I have read anywhere in years.

HERBERT NAGOURNEY
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

A fog of rumor came to us last April of a black descent on Columbia, then the mice stood up at attention with rifles in their hands, nerved for blood, but with fingers stretched to their typewriters. Still, there's no gravy in hitting a respected, not too much on target, though a great lady, controversialist. No one can be in much disagreement with Diana Trilling's desire for more reason, sense, and seniority in our "confrontations of protest." We pray to be more conservative or radical in our gentler intuitions. What's crossed then? The fussing at thought, the patter of smear. No one thought Mrs. Trilling heaves into my thoughts lands straight. All's twisted in the current of ignorant, unseeing didacticism, in the rattled sentences of her, "On the Steps of Low Library."

ROBERT LOWELL
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

My views in support of the student movement at Columbia last spring are well known, and it is not to dispute the larger issues that I write. It is to challenge Mrs. Trilling's comments on Tom Hayden at the close of her article.

I happened to have accompanied Tom to St. Patrick's Cathedral the night he shed a tear over the coffin of Robert Kennedy. That was a private and very complex moment. Mrs. Trilling was not there. She read a newspaper clipping. She even lifted from the clipping the myth that Tom was holding a cap

given him by Fidel Castro. The cap was purchased in a Havana store.

Mrs. Trilling seems shocked and appalled that Tom should cry for Robert Kennedy. I am not. Robert Kennedy, a critic of the Vietnam war, wept whenever he visited the maimed and crippled soldiers in Army hospitals. And I don't think it is impossible that if Tom Hayden had been murdered in Los Angeles, Robert Kennedy would have come alone in the middle of the night, and cried over his bier.

JACK NEWFIELD
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mrs. Trilling seems remarkably unaware of the notion that the radicalism of the 60's is a direct consequence of liberalism's failure to achieve a sane U.S. society or anything even approaching it. The liberals quietly produced some excellent scholarship and politely wrung their hands while Joe McCarthy & Co. silenced any potentially meaningful dissent from U.S. foreign and domestic policy; the result was a steady deterioration of human values, an unchecked neo-imperialist foreign policy culminating in the disaster of Vietnam, the rapid growth of urban decay and social squalor. And now this chaste goddess of liberalism, with her distaste for dirty words and disorganization, her annoyance at students' "humorlessness," pulls her rhetorical skirts around her ankles and castigates the "illegal" behavior of Dr. Spock, the Chicago demonstrators, the Pentagon demonstrators, and the Columbia demonstrators—but never the illegal war itself, which is, of course (though she never squarely confronts the fact), the poisonous source of all the alienation and despair which has driven America's best young people to such improper behavior. Husband and wife together, the Trillings amply prove all of *Ramparts'* charges against American liberals, and inadvertently explain the reasons for the movement from "dissent to disruption" (and from there, perhaps, to chaos). It is their silence (and that of their generation), their inaction, their acquiescence, if I may say so, in the gathering military madness of the past decade that is the fundamental

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cause of the anguished irrationality of our students. For if there were more Diana and Lionel Trillings present on the steps of the Pentagon, stating with their whole beings their concern for democratic, liberal values in this country, expressing with their whole beings their determination that the conscience of this nation shall not be utterly swallowed up in paranoia and greed, I dare say there would be no student confrontations on the steps of Low Library.

CLAUDIA C. MORRISON
Youngstown University
Youngstown, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mrs. Trilling states: "To be sure the march on the Pentagon was organized as a protest of the Vietnam war while the war was all but absent as an issue in the University protest." This is, to say the least, not the common view of the matter. The following excerpt is from an article on the Columbia revolt by Elinor Langer in *Science*, November 22, 1968: "The conflict emerged from a coalescence of two issues that have disrupted the rest of American society: the Vietnam war and domestic racism."

Mrs. Trilling also writes that the Columbia students gathered in Low Library to protest the University's ties with IDA. She then describes IDA, presumably for those of us who never read the newspapers or other periodical literature, as a "consortium of some dozen or more universities which supervises the distribution of government contracts for university research projects." Continuing with the Langer article we find the following: "On the Columbia campus as elsewhere demonstrations against the war began around 1965, focusing on Dow Chemical, CIA, and Marine recruiters visiting the campus. During the 1967-68 academic year, the chief target of the anti-war activists was the university's affiliation with the military research consortium, the Institute for Defense Analyses (IDA)" (*Science*, May 7, 1968). We have here an Orwellian prophecy fulfilled to the *n*th degree. The War Department was renamed (who remembers when?) the Department of Defense whence comes the Institute for Defense Analyses. Finally, along comes Mrs. Trilling with her omission of the minor word "military" in describing the research functions of the now antiseptic and academic Institute for Defense

Analyses. Somehow, Mr. Rudd's rejoinder of "bullshit" to the faculty proposals seems like an understandable reaction if they were indulging in a "newspeak" like Mrs. Trilling's, although in justice it must be said that her style is the antithesis of the bureaucratic.

Mrs. Trilling admires, as do I, Mailer's subtle treatment of the ambiguities in the Pentagon confrontation. However this appreciation does not add to her insight or human sympathy in the Columbia case. On page 34 she writes: "The militant Harlem leaders at least had a demonstrable political motive based in genuine grievances of their race and class. Could one say as much for the white tourists, for Robert Lowell, for Dwight Macdonald, for Paul Goodman, for Mailer?" And on page 44, "The distinction necessarily includes the fact that all blacks in our society, even the most privileged, those in the universities, have ground for revolutionary feeling against American society such as no white college student has the right to pitch his tent on." I gather from this that Mrs. Trilling does not grant mixed motives to the whites. The white "notables" and the white students apparently are denied convictions, allegiances, sympathies, etc. Only the blacks are entitled to these human responses. . . .

IRVING LEVINE
Huntington, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Diana Trilling's article on the disturbances at Columbia is in the main quite accurate. She is right about the spuriousness of the issues, the calculation with which SDS provoked the police "bust," the dismaying lack of attention to academic issues or issues of student life, and the disconcerting blindness with which liberal professors accepted sympathy with SDS as the proper response to police brutality.

But I had to re-read several times the paragraph in which Mrs. Trilling, after a "not too daunting effort of objectivity," concludes that there was no sufficient reason for Columbia, of all schools, to be the arena for revolution. I could not believe that was what she was really saying. I could not believe anyone closely associated with Columbia could say that anymore.

I also am a faculty wife at Columbia, and I came to that estate after several years as a graduate student there. . . . If the junior



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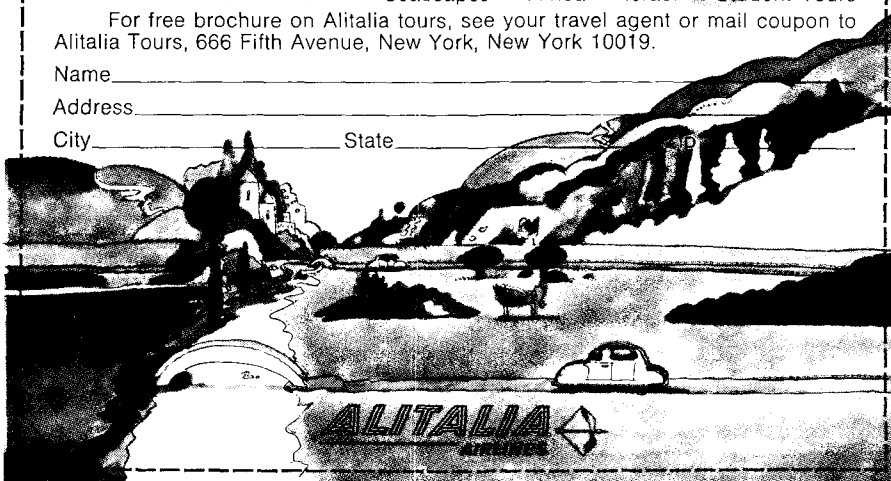
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faculty was more in sympathy with the rebelling students, it was not, as Mrs. Trilling suggests, because they too were still of an age to reject authority, but because so many of them had recently been graduate students of Columbia themselves. . . . My generation, in the 50's, was not very revolutionary. But the constant indignities of Columbia student life, the clear disdain of the administration for students in any role but that of fee-payers, grated on our souls even then. . . .

Nevertheless, I was unprepared for the total ignorance of these conditions on the part of the senior faculty. . . . When I mentioned my feelings to one faculty member at an English department gathering—these feelings so universal that I took them for granted—he could scarcely conceal his anger. . . .

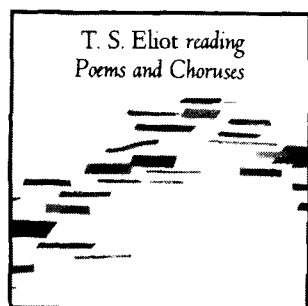
But after all, it was not about these things that the students protested. True enough, and these things were surely not foremost in the minds of the sds leaders. But the poor quality of student life at Columbia, the callousness of the administration and the smug blindness of the senior faculty surely accounted for much of the support sds found (even before the "bust") among more moderate students and young faculty. It is necessary to understand how few students ever felt an attachment or loyalty to Columbia, and with what feelings they welcomed events that would, by whatever means, force the administration to realize their anger. And these sentiments toward Columbia surely also account for some of the unusual difficulty the University has had in raising funds from alumni, particularly recent alumni.

But even if they did not know these things, can the senior faculty really feel, as Mrs. Trilling says, that their bridge with the students is lost, that they are one with the rejected parents? Have they not had even *some* of the experiences we have had (and let me repeat, we did *not* sympathize with the revolution, and are *not* radicals), of an unprecedented closeness and communication with undergraduates? . . .

Does Mrs. Trilling really think that small classes make up for the total absence of tutorial instruction, course reduction, individual honors work? One can easily put up with lecture courses of several hundred when other provision is generously made for individual

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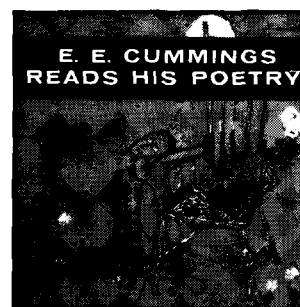
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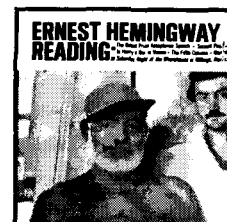
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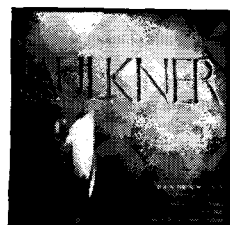
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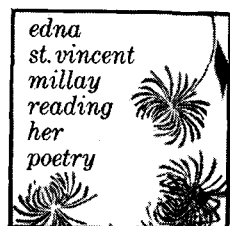
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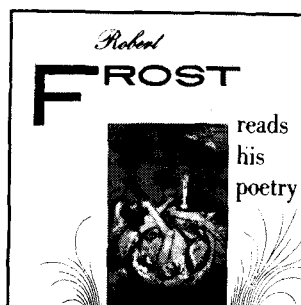
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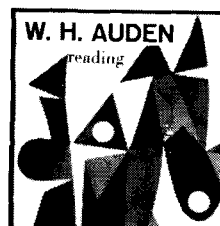
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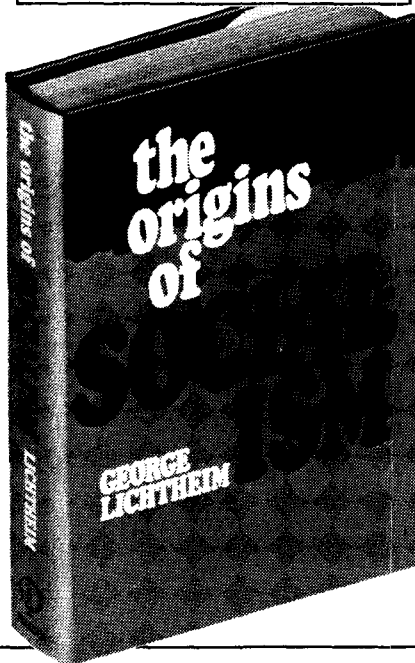
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work. (And Columbia too has its huge courses, poorly served by the University's niggardliness.) . . .

Perhaps Mrs. Trilling's conviction that Columbia, before May, was a happy family is a clue to the trouble. The senior faculty *does* share that impression, and it is a bitter joke among their juniors. Like so many contented families, these professors find it difficult to turn their attention to the grievance of those who are not included. Columbia, more than most universities, is in need of some fresh air from beyond the family circle.

JUDITH M. AMORY
Leonia, New Jersey

Mrs. TRILLING writes:

Although my article was not intended as a theoretical piece, I hoped it would generate some serious discussion of the problem of the future of liberalism in the democracies. I had emphasized the fact that the revolution at Columbia was no more a liberal than a Marxist revolution and that, indeed, it was a revolution *against* liberalism which in actual effect polarized the University between the radical position, as this was defined by the SDS and the revolutionary minority, on the one hand, and a conservative position, on the other. And I raised the question whether liberalism was any longer a viable political concept or whether, as a force for progress, it had been carried as far as it could go—to the point where, because it is subsumed in our present governmental establishment, it has ceased to offer any promise as a means of moving beyond the impositions of established power.

I find it disheartening that not one thoughtful word on the subject appears in these letters or, for that matter, in the correspondence which came to me directly—certainly Professor Morrison's description of me as "the chaste goddess of liberalism" and her disdain because I didn't join the Pentagon demonstrations scarcely advances the discussion. But at least her letter—I shall return to it presently—makes plain the degree to which liberalism has now been assimilated in people's minds to the activities of the New Left. For Professor Morrison, as now for most people who are not content with the unsatisfactory given of our society, it is only as liberalism accepts the tenets and methods of the New Left—or, at any rate, its rhe-

toric—that it represents political virtue. If it refuses this option, it is to be despised.

It is not impossible, though it is harder, to see that a similar assumption underlies Mr. Robert Lowell's grim little communication. There is no intellectual content in Mr. Lowell's letter, not an argument is marshaled; there is not even a reference, as in Mr. Newfield's letter, to political views already made public. There is only the intention to put on record Mr. Lowell's contemptuous rejection of my view of last spring's events at Columbia. And yet, as politics go these days, it must of course be understood that Mr. Lowell is performing a political act. Mr. Lowell is a very eminent poet and he has significant influence with the young. Modern poets are no longer Shelley's unacknowledged legislators or unconscious ones either—at least Mr. Lowell is not. He is a public man, who speaks to public issues with what is thought to be the wisdom of his special gifts; he has great authority with those who are responsive to his sensibility. With this letter Mr. Lowell announces where his sensibility was located during the Columbia disturbances: it is where the vastest of chasms separates the actual fact of the situation from the will to believe that the cause was just and where a concern, like mine, with the possible social and political consequences of our actions represents a retrograde refusal of necessary change and progress.

The strategy Mr. Lowell uses to protect his sensibility against the intrusion of uncomfortable fact and against concern with the possible consequences of conduct like that of the insurrectionary minority at Columbia is to say that he failed to understand my article. This I very much doubt. I think he understands me fully, quite as well as I understand him—which is more of an achievement: I was writing prose. He fully understands my report of the fact that throughout the crisis there was fear that Harlem might march on Columbia, though it may be that he questions my accuracy in the matter, in which case he might consult the Mayor's office, which shared the fear, or I can now refer him, as I could not when I wrote my article, to the recently published *Up Against the Ivy Wall*, a detailed account of the happenings on the campus by the student editors of the Columbia

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Spectator. But of course my accuracy or inaccuracy is not to the point—the clear reason why Mr. Lowell writes as he does about the fear of an uprising in Harlem is that he wants to suggest that the kind of person who withholds approval of the student rebellion is also the kind of person who, in her own blood-lust and hatred, would have fantasies of black terror. I also believe that Mr. Lowell fully understands that what I was seeing in my “unseeing didacticism” was the moral character of a revolution whose moral character is the one thing he prefers not to look at. For were he to look at it, he might be deprived of the emotions of righteousness which now so regularly and automatically accrue to any attitude of the Left, armoring it against the charge of vagrancy or frivolousness.

I have no wish to deprive Mr. Lowell of his armor of radical piety, if he so badly needs it. But since he has performed his kind of political act by writing of my article as he does, I now perform my kind of political act by inviting him to enter the serious discussion and share with us some of his ideas on the questions explicitly or implicitly raised in my Columbia report. And I address him not as a poet, not as a licensed sensibility, but as a powerful working member of the intellectual community, himself one of its most active controversialists, a signer of protests, a joiner of demonstrations, a writer of letters to the press, a much-valued speaker at meetings and rallies. What, for instance, does Mr. Lowell now feel about the use of violence as an instrument of social change? Does he still hold with the pacifism he professed in the past and, if so, how does he reconcile it with the violent means employed by the insurrectionary students at Columbia? Does Mr. Lowell think the time is past for rational discourse and mediation in America? Does he believe that no choice remains to us except either the anarchic disruptiveness of the New Left or compliance in establishment, or does he think that the liberal tradition is still to be drawn upon? And if the latter, what does he think must be the premises and programs of a revived liberalism? Does Mr. Lowell think it permissible for students to occupy their university buildings and, if he does, where and on what principle would he



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set limits to such actions: if one may occupy a building, may one also burn the building? If not, why not? What does Mr. Lowell think will be the consequences for this country of actions such as the revolutionary students took at Columbia? What, in greatest simplicity, does Mr. Lowell think of the Columbia uprising as a moral spectacle: how does he feel about students kidnapping an officer of the University, rifling the personal files of the President and broadcasting their contents, urinating on floors, spitting at their teachers, destroying the research of one of their professors, shouting obscenities? Does he think conduct like this promises a better future for all of us? Does he think it makes for better human beings? It could be that, in straightforward reply to such elementary questions as these, Mr. Lowell might persuade me that my view of the Columbia uprising is unsound. I am as open to argument as I am resistant to unreasoned assault, no matter how morally certified.

BACK TO Professor Morrison: Professor Morrison apparently believes that the United States has failed to achieve anything even approaching a sane society. I do not agree: I think she is making a confusion between the political, social, and economic organization of the country and what, for purposes of distinction, we can call its culture. I believe that American culture like that of every country in the world that follows our example—and this includes countries whose political organization is very different—gets madder every minute: it was for this reason that I proposed that perhaps the common denominator of youthful protest throughout the world is revulsion from modernity. But despite the glaring errors, shortcomings, and failures of our society, its sins of omission and commission, I think our society improves—I know that I risk my neck to say it. It is a considerably more equitable and more enlightened society than when I was a child, when the working class hadn't even the right to organize on its own behalf, when racial and religious discrimination was the order of the day and met no governmental hindrance, when economic privilege was assumed to be God-given, and when the duties of looking to the personal welfare of our citizens which we now assign to agencies of government

were left wholly to private philanthropy. And I think traditional liberalism can take credit for these advances.

Professor Morrison suggests that were my husband and I to have met our public responsibilities better than we did, there would have been no student uprising at Columbia. It is a heady suggestion but alas, it exaggerates the effectiveness of our modes of discourse, especially on the intellectual front. Speaking for myself: although I wrote many thousands of words in opposition to McCarthyism, I am afraid they never won the liberal seal of approval because, in opposing McCarthy, I never gave up my opposition to Communism, as was required by the ritualistic liberalism of the time. Similarly, the ritualistic liberalism of our time requires that in order to validate oneself as an opponent of the Vietnam war, one must talk about American "paranoia and greed," which is not my kind of talk.

I did not, as Professor Morrison says, "castigate" or in any pejorative way characterize Dr. Spock's anti-war activities—this despite the fact that I do not happen to support his form of civil disobedience.

Mr. LEVINE takes me to task for omitting the word "military" in describing the Institute for Defense Analyses. But at the same time he also takes me to task for stopping to describe it at all, since everyone knows what it is! He says that Mr. Rudd's reply of "bullshit" to the faculty was understandable if they indulged in the "newspeak" that is involved in renaming the Department of War the Department of Defense. Apparently Mr. Levine thinks me somehow responsible for this alteration. I assure him I was not. Nor did I ever undertake to mislead him or anyone about the nature and importance of the IDA at Columbia—credit for this belongs to the SDS. In a speech delivered in Boston and reported in the *Boston Globe* (October 1, 1968) Mr. Rudd said of the Columbia uprising: "We manufactured the issues. The Institute for Defense Analyses is nothing at Columbia. Just three professors." And he continued in the same vein of truth: "And the gym issue is bull. It doesn't mean anything to anybody. I had never been to the gym site before the demonstrations began. I didn't even know how to get there." Mr.

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Rudd has never, to my knowledge, disavowed this statement.

Mr. Levine also thinks I scanted or misrepresented the part played by the war in the disturbances—here he has the company of most opponents of the war who find it hard to believe that indeed (as I said) the war was all but absent as a campus issue. I was reporting a fact, not a preference—for confirmation I refer Mr. Levine, as I did Mr. Lowell, to *Up Against the Ivy Wall*. I of course never meant to imply that the war played no part in creating the unrest of Columbia students, as of all American students.

As to Mr. Levine's remarkable statement that I do not grant "mixed motives" to the whites, only to the blacks: Mr. Levine couldn't have me wrong; I do not exclude whites from the human race. But I think that what Mr. Levine calls mixed motives I call ambiguousness.

And in particular I dealt with the ambiguousness—as I see it—of Tom Hayden, dramatized in his coming to St. Patrick's in the middle of the night to weep at the coffin of Robert Kennedy. Mr. Newfield demurs. He sees no ambiguousness in a man's devoting himself to the destruction of our society and yet weeping for the death of someone dedicated to its preservation. I was not, as Mr. Newfield says, either "shocked" or "appalled" by Mr. Hayden's extreme show of sentiment. I was simply surprised and confused by it, as I would be surprised and confused were I to read in the papers that a leader of the Ku Klux Klan wept at the coffin of Martin Luther King. And I see no validity in the comparison Mr. Newfield makes between Robert Kennedy weeping when he visited crippled war veterans, although himself an opponent of the war, and Tom Hayden weeping for Kennedy although opposed to everything Kennedy stood for in our political life. In mourning at Kennedy's bier, Mr. Hayden was not merely weeping for anyone hurt or dead. He was expressing either a sense of personal or of social loss: unless it was personal, and apparently it was not—Mr. Newfield does not tell us the two men were friends—it must have been social. I fail to perceive what social loss Mr. Hayden could have sustained which wouldn't represent a large ambiguousness.

Mrs. AMORY's letter gives me the

opportunity to acknowledge a deficiency in my article—in so long a piece I should have found space to comment on the meagerness, the essential cheerlessness, of student life at Columbia. I would be the last person to deny that Columbia fails to provide the kind of physical and even social atmosphere that is desirable in a university—this has never been Columbia's distinction, which is based almost wholly on the quality of its instruction. That the quality of its teaching can be called into question has, however, come to me as a shock. From where I viewed the University—and I was never either a student or teacher at Columbia—it had always until most recently been my belief that its instructional staff was especially serious and dedicated, also uncommonly free of the rancor and petty competitiveness that wearies other institutions. Failing to have heard anything in contradiction, it seemed to me that Columbia professors set rather an example in their devotion to their students and even in concern for their personal problems, short of undue intrusion, and that they were virtually heroic in the generous allotment of their energies to their teaching, yet without sacrifice of the scholarship which is part of their academic commitment. But apparently I have known only one side of the picture—Mrs. Amory's report of indifference and even neglect of their students on the part of senior faculty has been confirmed in other reports I have recently had. These complaints have referred only to the graduate schools; I have heard none of the College. But these must indeed be taken into account in understanding the support the uprising won among moderate students in the graduate divisions—I said as much in my article. It is nevertheless entirely possible that I failed to give this aspect of the crisis sufficient emphasis.

But Mrs. Amory similarly fails, I think, to give proper emphasis to the more patent causes for this condition: the constant expansion of the student population, the increasing pressures on professors to put their expert knowledge to social use (and I do not mean the IBA or other offshoots of the military), the mounting cost of living which is not met by increased salaries. If the relation between Columbia teachers and their students is now not what it once was,

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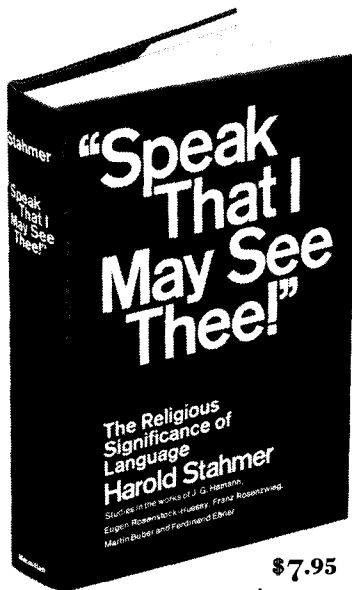
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or what it should be, little of this can be legitimately ascribed—I suspect—to smugness or other defects of character or temperament but to the natural limits on human energy in a situation which makes inordinate demands on the profession. How the situation will be remedied, I do not know. Perhaps some small improvement will come out of the new examination of conditions on the campus as a result of last spring’s crisis. But surely major improvement is a problem of our society in general.

Kurt Tucholsky

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I realize that in taking exception to Ernst Pawel’s remarks on Kurt Tucholsky [in his review of *Kurt Tucholsky and the Ordeal of Germany, 1914-1935* by Harold Poor and *What If . . . ? The Satirical Writings of Kurt Tucholsky*, translated and edited by Harry Zohn and Karl F. Ross, December 1968] I may be questioning the theory and practice of the review essay in general, but it seems to me that Mr. Pawel’s essay is a veritable caricature of the form. My quarrel is not so much with Mr. Pawel’s view of Tucholsky but with his apparent resentment of those who have written a historical study and compiled an anthology which presumably differ greatly from what Mr. Pawel himself might have produced. I think he is terribly unfair to Harold Poor in dismissing his book with one contemptuous sentence. Provided that Mr. Pawel has not succeeded in closing all doors, any reader can easily disprove his statement that from *What If . . . ?* Tucholsky “emerges as a mere epigrammatic humorist.” It will, to be sure, take readers as well acquainted with Tucholsky’s life and work as Mr. Pawel to reject his dogmatic and unfounded statement that the collection edited by Carl F. Ross and myself “conveys only a vague and substantially inaccurate idea of either the man or his work.”

HARRY ZOHN

Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Ernst Pawel’s comments on Harold Poor’s biography of Tucholsky are remarkable for their arrogance and conceit. To write of “a touchingly naive academic exercise” whose “most valuable contribution is an extensive bibliography” is pure slander when it is left

entirely unsubstantiated. In fact, Mr. Poor’s work is quite valuable and it merits thorough discussion.

Mr. Pawel praises Harry Zohn’s and Karl F. Ross’s anthology of Tucholsky with the curious argument that this work “whatever its other defects, at least has the advantage of letting Tucholsky speak for himself.” Considering Mr. Pawel’s long-winded remarks on Tucholsky, is the implication that there are only two people who can speak for the dead satirist: Tucholsky himself and Mr. Pawel? . . .

Elsewhere Mr. Pawel lauds Tucholsky for surpassing in style the “goose-stepping platitudes stretching from Hitler and Goebbels to Ulbricht, Adenauer, Kiesinger, and Springer.” What is the point of comparing the style of a political satirist and poet with that of politicians? What have politicians got to do with literature? How does Mr. Pawel dare mention Hitler and Adenauer in the same breath and dismiss both—together with the others—as writers of “cloying banality”? His pseudo-radicalism is unworthy of Tucholsky who, unlike Mr. Pawel, knew well where his enemies were, namely on the Right, and not all over the political spectrum. . . .

ISTVAN DEAK

Institute on

East Central Europe
Columbia University
New York City

MR. PAWEL writes:

I am sorry Mr. Zohn feels that I have been unfair to his colleague; by confining myself to one sentence, I meant to be kind. Resentment there is, not of a book whose conception differs from mine but of an academianic establishment that has perverted research and publishing into ends in themselves, that traps young scholars of often genuine ability in an impossible bind. . . .

Mr. Poor’s historical study illustrates all too painfully the prodigious waste involved. He documents at unconscionable length the details of Tucholsky’s two brief and unsuccessful marriages, cuts down his subject’s richly unsystematic output and outlook into neat, dry categories, and ultimately feels impelled to magnify Tucholsky’s political role in the “ordeal of Germany” out of all proportion to any objective reality. At the same time he fails to catch, let alone do justice to, either Tucholsky’s genuine achievements—

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the scope, style, and melancholy wit of an essentially literary figure—or his equally genuine human frailties. . . .

Mr. Zohn's own work is obviously in a different vein; but contrary to his hope, its tenor will be judged not by those already familiar with Tucholsky in the original but by those to whom it is presumably addressed, i.e. an audience forced to base its impression of Tucholsky exclusively on the selections offered in this anthology. This, as I pointed out, creates problems. And if my views strike Mr. Zohn as dogmatic and unfounded, I wish he had addressed himself to their substance rather than qualified them by epithets.

Mr. Deak's display of temper is puzzling but impressive. As for his points, in their order of appearance:

1) He praises Mr. Poor's book as "quite valuable." I happen not to share his enthusiasm.

2) The "implication" that only I can "speak for Tucholsky" is Mr. Deak's and its logic is somewhat less than persuasive. Moreover, he must be well aware of the voluminous material on Tucholsky, some of it first-rate, that has come out in German.

3) The names linked in a metaphorical characterization of cloacal banality were chosen not to compare styles but to indicate the level of discourse prevailing in Germany. If in the process I chipped one of Mr. Deak's saints, I apologize, but he ought to be more careful about his own choices.

4) I have no reason in the world to "prove myself worthy of Tucholsky." Whether he really knew his friends from his enemies seems a bit doubtful on the evidence, but I wonder if Mr. Deak knows his Right from his Left. Ebert and Noske, the Social-Democratic Bonzen and the bourgeois Center, probably deserved Tucholsky's contumely, but that still doesn't make them Right. . . .

Assimilation

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Lucy S. Dawidowicz's discussion of my book, *The American Jews* ["Explaining American Jews," December 1968] is disturbing not because she disagrees with my thesis, but because she expresses her disagreement in such an intemperate . . . tone. . . . Meanwhile, her anger has prevented her from seeing the real point I was making. She

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suggests that I have come to the same conclusions as the Tunisian Albert Memmi, who argues logically in favor of assimilation (though personally choosing emotional allegiance to Israel). But I do not advocate assimilation in my book. Assimilation, as I understand the word—and as Mrs. Dawidowicz uses it—refers to those Jews who, frustrated by the difficulties of being Jewish in a hostile Christian world, decide to join that world, to become Christian, to go over to “the enemy.” This is often the reaction of people like Memmi who have grown up in an intensely anti-Semitic society.

But the whole point about the young Jew in America today is that he *hasn't* grown up in an anti-Semitic society. He finds no obstacles in the way of being Jewish—or not being Jewish. Nobody tries to keep him from moving freely among Jews and non-Jews alike—except perhaps his family and some of his fellow Jews. This has caused a state of mind in the young American Jew rather different from that of the generation before him: he isn't ashamed of being Jewish; he admits it gladly; he even sees the relevance of the Jewish ethical tradition today. But he doesn't see why he must remain *exclusively* Jewish. . . .

It seems to me that neither the rabbis nor the secular authorities have been able to supply a satisfactory answer to this question. In the last chapter of my book I discuss several of the answers most frequently given and try to show why they break down. If Mrs. Dawidowicz thinks they *don't* break down, why doesn't she deal with my points specifically in her review? Wouldn't it be more compatible with the seriousness and sincerity which she accuses me of not having if she attempted to counter my arguments instead of merely to fulminate against them?

But I suspect that Mrs. Dawidowicz can't bring herself to face up to the questions that young Jews today are raising. For someone as closely involved with Jewish organizations as Mrs. Dawidowicz, it cannot be easy to consider the possibility that American Judaism's problems will not be solved by the old religious formulas or organizational procedures. She questions my qualifications for writing about American Jews on the grounds that I am, by her definition, an “outsider.” Of course I am. Many books about American

Jews have been written by “insiders,” by rabbis and other officials; they all come to more or less the same conclusions. Isn't it possible that an outsider's impressions might have some value, if only as a counterweight to the official position expressed over and over again by those who have a stake in maintaining it?

JAMES YAFFE

New York City

Mrs. DAWIDOWICZ writes:

Mr. Yaffe, in defining “assimilation,” sounds like Humpty-Dumpty: “When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less.” Assimilation means literally “to make like,” hence, absorption and incorporation into the substance of the assimilating body. Whether the assimilator is pushed toward assimilation, pulled, dragged, or whether he goes willingly, the end product of assimilation is the same—the disappearance of the assimilator's distinguishing characteristics. Since Mr. Yaffe is in favor of that, he is an assimilationist.

I thought I had dealt very seriously with Mr. Yaffe's philosophy of religious syncretism, indeed more seriously than his book merited. He believes that Jews and non-Jews can live happily ever after married to each other in some kind of universalist Judeo-Christian mishmash. Though this was not possible in Europe, Mr. Yaffe believes it is possible in America. I tried to show that it is not any more likely here than there, that the progression from Jewish to secular to universalist somehow often ends up Christian in a later generation. But why should Mr. Yaffe read what I wrote when he didn't listen to some of his informants far more learned than I? Besides, I doubt that he wants serious discussion. He prefers, I suspect, applause for his “courage” in advocating mixed marriage.

An outsider who is informed about his subject can write about it with perspective, coolness, and detachment, and the end result is good. But when an outsider who is ignorant of his subject and hostile to its values writes about it, the end result can only be—as in this case—false and distorted.

A friend of mine recently commented that years ago literate anthropologists used to study illiterate societies. Now, he complains, it is just the reverse.

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Controversy

The following exchange was occasioned by Alexander M. Bickel's article "Is Electoral Reform the Answer?" which appeared in December 1968. Gus Tyler is assistant president and director of Politics of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

The Electoral College

Gus Tyler

Alexander M. Bickel

Gus Tyler

"THE POPULIST PRINCIPLE [of faith in majority rule] in its unqualified state is simplistic and insufficient," argues Alexander M. Bickel. "Over time, it begets a dialectic of illusion and disillusion. Its sanguine slogans sound hollow and become terms of derision with extraordinary rapidity." Hence, he concludes, the direct popular election of Presidents would be a mistake.

Although I agree with Mr. Bickel's major premise, I disagree with his conclusion. It is true that reforms in their initial and militant state are almost always presented as millennial cures, and this is unfortunate because the proposed reform creates expectations that go beyond ultimate results, as with Christianity, women's suffrage, the American, French, and Russian revolutions. But just because a good thing is not everything it does not follow that we should use the best to kill the better. There is this danger in Bickel's socio-philosophic premise: a super-sophistication about the shortcomings of reform becomes a way to halt all reform. Bickel's own predilection for existing institutions becomes clear in his opposition to the direct popular election of the President. The arguments he presents are factually faulty, logically contradictory, and morally indefensible.

Bickel argues that the present electoral system is weighted in favor of the big urban states (with their liberal constituencies) and therefore tends to elect a President who will serve as a counterbalance to Congress which is weighted in

favor of the rural (more conservative) states.

There is only one virtue in this argument: it may be read by some small-state, rural, conservative politicians who would then come out for direct popular election. But this is unlikely, for such legislators have been and continue to be opposed to popular election—and for good reason.

Each state in the union gets two votes in the electoral college for each Senator, regardless of population. Hence the small states start off with an immediate bonus. (Alaska, with a population of 226,000, has three electoral votes: one for every 75,000 residents. New York, with a population of 16,782,000, has 43 electoral votes: one for every 390,000 people.) Furthermore, since electoral strength is based on *population*, not the number of *votes cast*, states with low voting participation enjoy an advantage. (End result? A vote in Alaska is worth about six and a half times a vote in California.) That's why states with small populations and with small voter turnout do not relish a direct election.

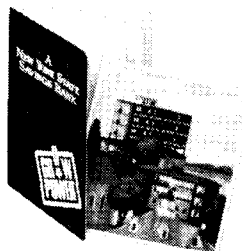
The big states allegedly have the advantage that comes with their huge electoral vote going in one chunk to the party that wins the majority, however slight, in the state. That advantage is highly dubious for reasons mentioned, but not explored, in Bickel's own presentation. He refers to the populous states as "urban" and "pluralist" as opposed to the small states that are "rural" and "homogeneous." But the "pluralist" character of the large states—a proven fact—also makes them highly unpredictable; so much so that in the election of 1968 some went to



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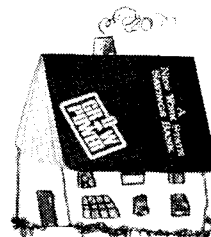
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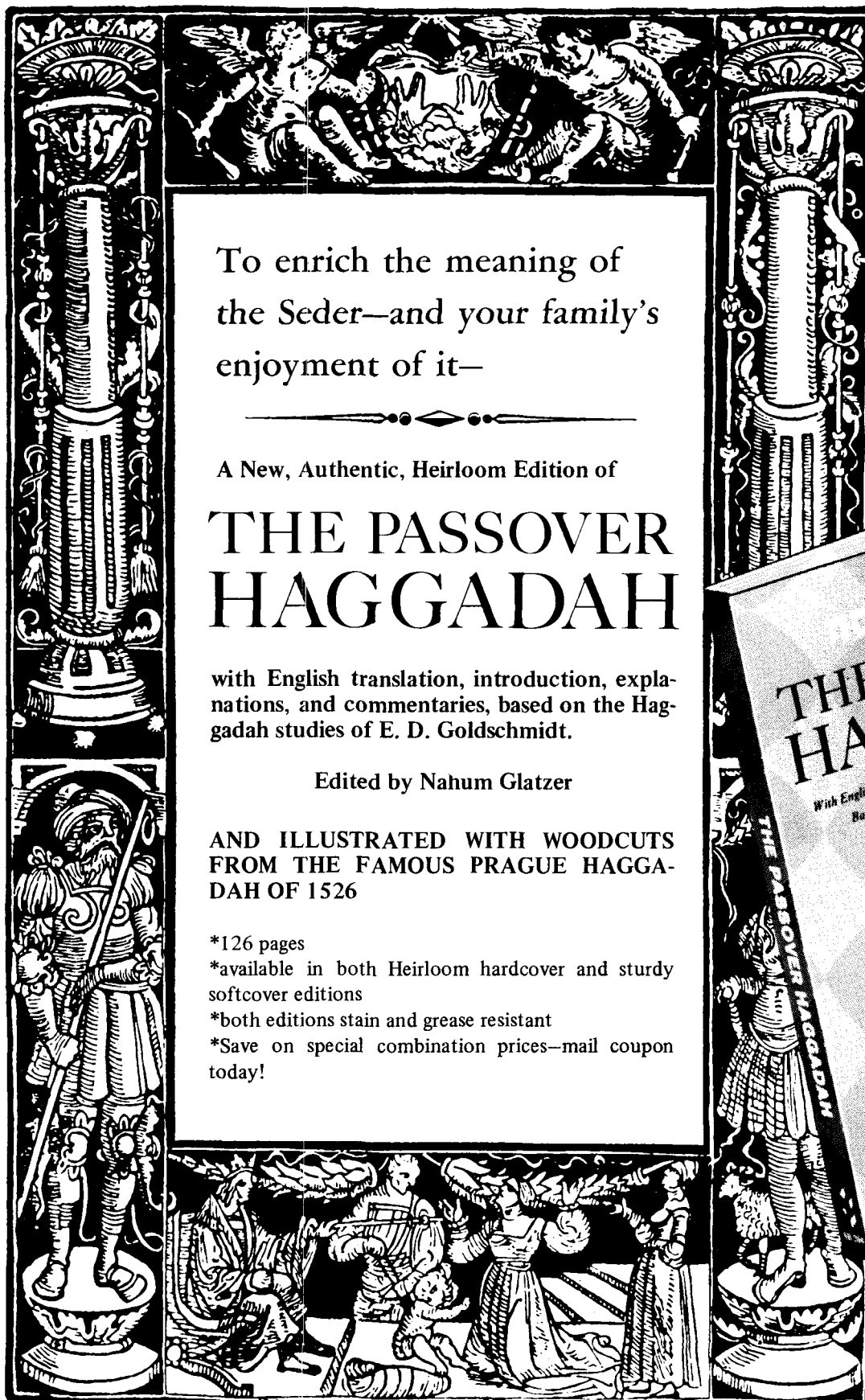
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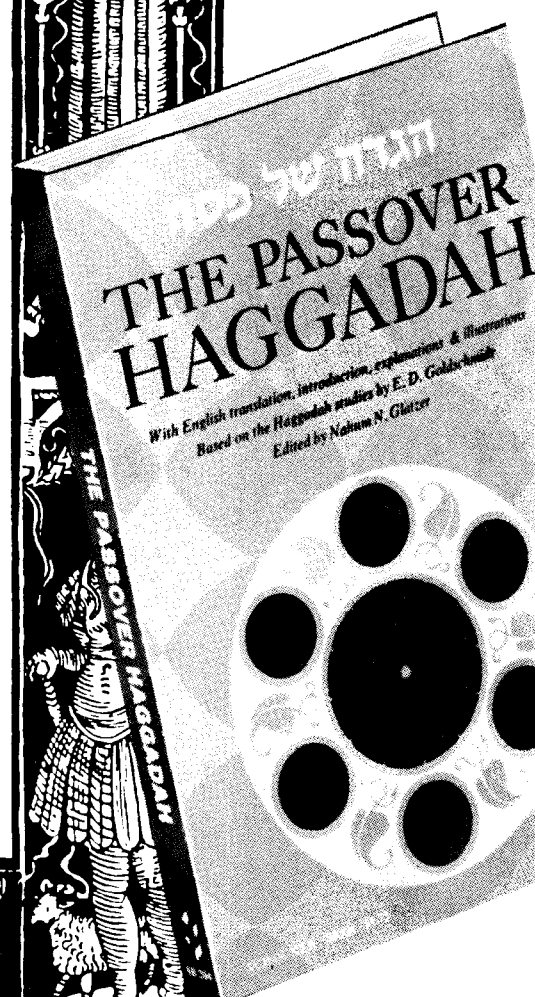
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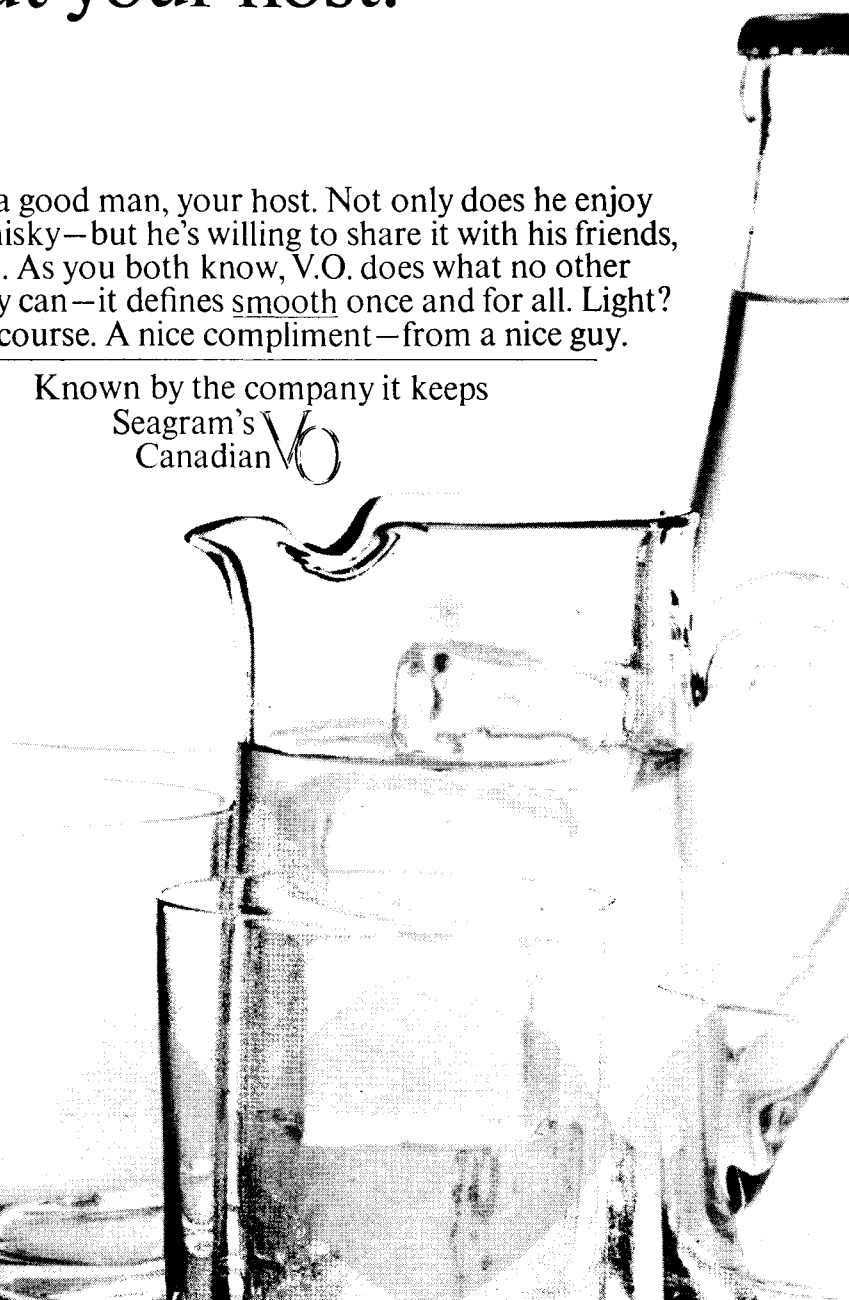
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Humphrey (New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Massachusetts) and others went to Nixon (California, Illinois, Ohio, New Jersey, Indiana). Thus, the "pluralist" states tend to cancel each other out, leaving the ultimate decision in the hands of the "rural homogeneous" states, with their inflated power in the electoral college.

So MUCH for the facts. In regard to the *logic* that predicts a multiplication of splinter parties as the result of direct popular elections, it must be pointed out that all experience runs to the contrary. In our fifty states, all the governors are elected directly, as are U.S. Senators. This traditional practice has not resulted in a multi-party system at the state level, and it is not likely to do so at the federal level.

Quite the reverse. Under the present system, a third or fourth party could play a disproportionately influential role in a Presidential election. If it is a regional party, such as the Dixiecrats, it can throw an election into the House. If a third party is not strong enough to carry any state or group of states, it can still play the spoiler role so that, with 50,000 to 100,000 votes, it can swing an important state with a large electoral bloc.

The two party system is not the child of the electoral college, which was originally advanced as a device to promote a no-party system. (For years, Britain has operated as a two-party system without an electoral college.) Nor is the electoral college the reason for the urban bias in the Presidency during the 20th century. The metro states loom large at the nominating conventions of both parties. More importantly, more than 75 per cent of the nation is now "urban" (72.6 per cent in the 1960 census), and no man dare run for President while ignoring the voters who live in metropolitan America—any more than Senators in most of the states of the United States can ignore the urban populations in their states (this is the basic reason why the Senate, with its obviously unfair system of representation, is more liberal than the House).

Lurking in the soul of Bickel's argument is the concept of a virtue based on countervailing vices, a kind of political positive derived from a double moral negative. It

runs this way: the Congress is weighted one way so let's weight the Presidency the other way. Hence, instead of "majority" rule we will get "a nice balance" between two non-majoritarian instruments.

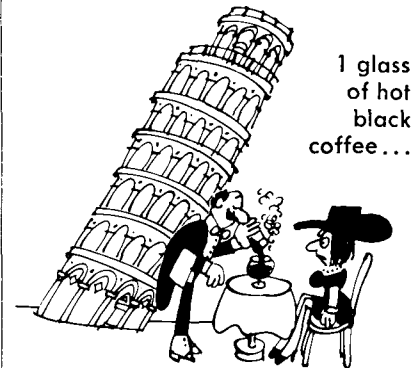
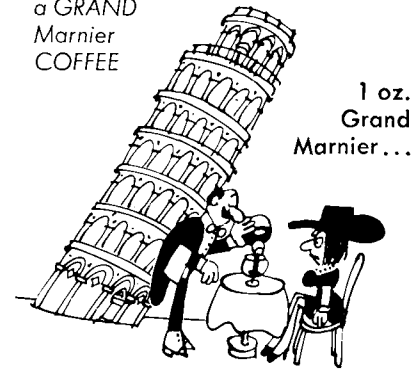
This argument assumes that Congress will remain a voice of the homogenized ruralist. But will it? Suppose that after the census of 1970, liberal Democrats in control of state legislatures proceed to gerrymander Congressional districts to return a disproportionately high number of "urban" progressives. Should we then try to keep that "nice balance" by weighting the Presidency in favor of the "rural" conservative, or shall we finally surrender to "majoritarianism"?

In this dilemma, Bickel's basic bent comes through. Rather than democratize the manner of electing the President, he proposes that we undemocratize the House of Representatives: "Instead of changing the Constitution to make it conform to the Supreme Court's reapportionment decisions, we ought perhaps to work to overturn those decisions." One must admire Bickel's consistency: he is still continuing his war against the Court's one man-one vote decision and is quite prepared to perpetuate the anachronistic electoral college as a weapon in that war.

This leaning toward unrepresentative government is even more apparent in Bickel's recommendations on what to do in the event that there is no electoral college majority. He proposes that "Congress sitting in joint session and reaching decisions by a majority of the individual voices of its members is the best deliberative institution for this purpose." But, if Congress tends to be "rural" and "homogeneous" minded—that is, conservative—why turn over the election of the President to that body, especially if, as Bickel argues elsewhere, the President is supposed to be the counterweight to Congress?

MORALLY, there is no case for the electoral college. At present, the American voter thinks that when he casts his vote for the President, his vote is one of many that, should it compose the majority, will elect the President. The electoral college is gobbledygook that he does not understand; when he does understand it, he opposes it—as polls have repeatedly revealed.

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What is the moral justification, in a democracy, for a system that can put into the White House a man who, by popular choice, runs second or even third? The argument is that this is the defense of the urban voters, who comprise three quarters of the population, against the remaining one quarter. "Who needs such a defense?" asks the urban voter. The bugaboo is the "unrepresentative" House of Representatives. "So why not make it more representative?" asks the voter. The danger is that if we "urbanize" the House there will be no defense for the "rurals" against the "urban" President—a complete circle of vices with no virtue.

The case for the electoral college, then, becomes part of a game in which a synthetic inequity justifies its existence by the perpetuation of another synthetic inequity. Like Bickel, I resent and resist those who would destroy existing institutions merely because they exist. But it seems to me that we can do more to preserve meaningful institutions if we are ready to junk a few of the meaningless icons.

Alexander M. Bickel

FACTS AND LOGIC can be dealt with in discourse and got straight in the end—hopefully—but when a man is so fervent in his preference for one sort of political arrangement that he regards arguments for another as "morally indefensible," only he can answer himself. Writing in the *New Republic* for November 28, 1960—when the electoral college had produced Kennedy rather than Nixon—Mr. Tyler expressed his preference for popular election with a difference:

But a caveat on direct election! Since 1932, the White House has been occupied, most of the time, by a liberal-minded President. With the exception of Kennedy, these Presidents could have been elected without the South, because their main base of power was the solid bloc of electoral votes in the urban industrial states. And Kennedy was nominated only because he had the backing of these decisive states.

These Presidents repeatedly wres-

tled with a Congress dominated by a conservative coalition, a coalition that would not have had a majority without the aid of the gerrymander. . . .

Under our present system, the urban industrial states—in a year when the liberal current is running strong—can overcome all their disadvantage in the Electoral College to elect a President, who then becomes a counter-weight to [Congress]. . . .

The disadvantage of the big states in the electoral college, as Mr. Tyler saw it, and continues to see it, is that the small states get a bonus vote not tied to population. But the advantage of the liberals in the big states, which he then thought could overcome the disadvantage with a handsome vengeance, was that the big states cast a unit vote, and in close elections—as they "typically are" in the big states because of "their pluralistic, metropolitan character"—the liberals can walk off with the big prize. Hence Mr. Tyler insisted that if direct election were to be instituted, it should be accompanied by reform of Congress, "to set up fair Congressional districting."

I would gather, then, that what is "morally indefensible" about my argument is that I don't seem to see that Congress has been reformed, that the districting is fair now, and that Congress is no longer endemically conservative. Well, I don't see it, for reasons I stated in my article, which go to the foreseeable permanent nature of Congress, not to the possibility of this or that fleeting gerrymander, and which I shan't trouble to rehearse, as nothing that Mr. Tyler says touches them. But if on this issue of fact and logic I am right and Mr. Tyler is wrong, I guess my argument becomes morally defensible.

Briefly, a few more points:

I am not against reform; my article urges reform of the Convention, and of electoral laws barring minor parties. I am against illusory or counter-productive reform.

The advantages that apparently accrue to small states and states with low voter participation—many small states have exceedingly high participation—are outweighed, as I have argued, and as Mr. Tyler used to argue, by the advantages that accrue to the big

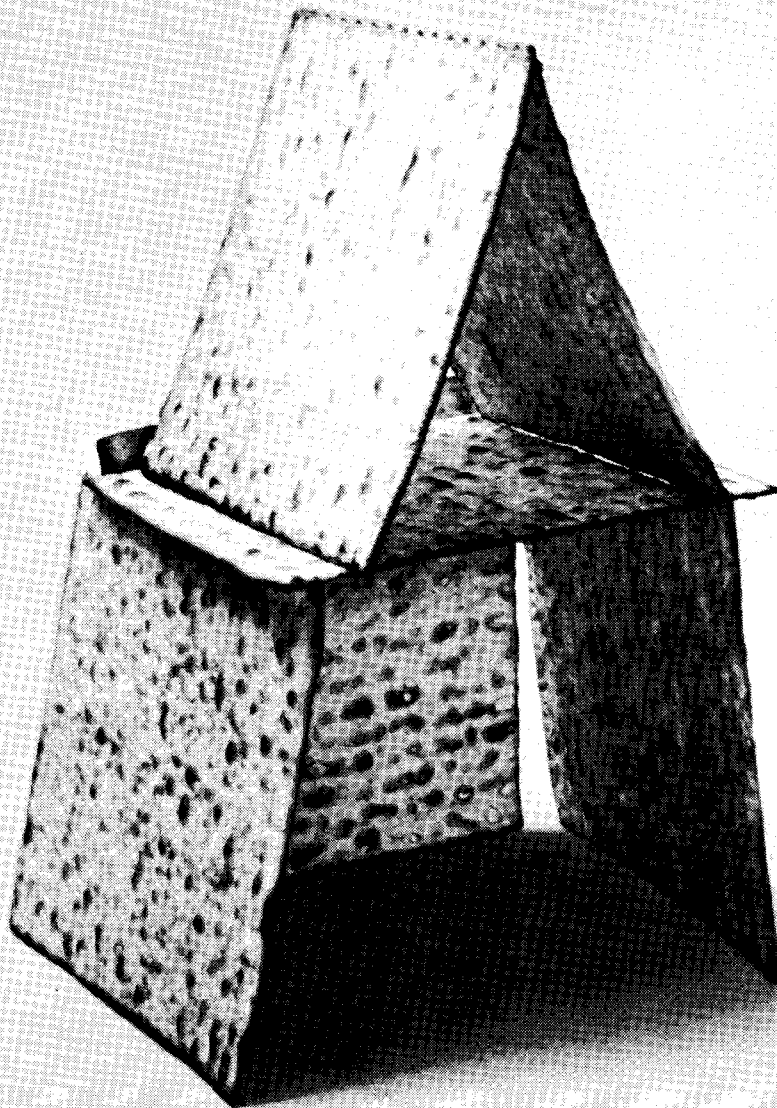
states. The thing that small states have consistently relished least—and to which many of them now prefer direct election—is the winner-take-all vote of the big states in the electoral college. Of course, they would best like plans such as Senator Mundt's, or the Lodge-Gossett scheme, for dividing the electoral vote, since these plans would give them a distinct advantage. But that is another matter. The electoral college does not guarantee election of the candidate favored by urban minorities, and I did not put up the straw man Mr. Tyler knocks down. But the electoral college helps, as Mr. Tyler used to see, and even if it helps only a little, this is one hell of a time to diminish the political power of urban minorities.

The argument about the danger to the two-party system leans heavily on that feature of the proposal I was discussing which calls for a run-off. Mr. Tyler ignores this. Southern states which have run-offs in Senatorial and gubernatorial elections do have unstructured, multi-faction politics.

MR. TYLER AND I differ on what is meant by representative government. I consider the question complex, and view the system in Madisonian terms. Mr. Tyler now thinks that one man, one vote is all there is to it, and anything else represents a "leaning toward unrepresentative government." Well, we differ, and I apparently cannot disabuse him of his simplicities. But they are his, not mine. Election by a Congress tending, as it does, toward domination by homogeneous constituencies seemed to me, not the best, but the best available way out of an electoral-college deadlock. Is there a perfect way? Would a President with only a plurality of the popular vote and only a plurality in the electoral college be any less "unrepresentative"?

It is nice to know that the "metro states loom large at the nominating conventions of both parties" anyway. They do. But why does Mr. Tyler think this is so? Because conventions know that owing to the electoral college the metro states will loom large in the election. Hardly an argument, this, that the electoral college is unnecessary.

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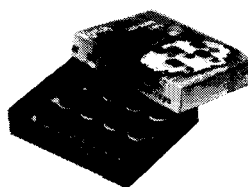


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Is American Jewry in Crisis?

Milton Himmelfarb

IT IS EASY to praise the Athenians to Athenians: thus Plato. If easy, then unnecessary; but if necessary, then perhaps not easy? Looking back, I see that for some years now, after each Presidential or midterm election I have found it necessary to praise the Jews to Jews. By praise I mean defend. The defense has been against the accusation, undeterred by mere fact, that American Jews have become selfishly conservative, or downright reactionary.

Since those who make this mistake should know better, they must want to make it. Yet, on the improbable assumption they are honestly mistaken, maybe they ought to be told about statistics, helped to become "numerate."

I remember a high-school math teacher who used to say, "They always understand when I put it in dollars." Instead of talking about money, let us talk about baseball. This past season the leading hitter in the American League had a batting average of .300 (to be exact, .301). Batters with an average of .200 were common, and poor. The difference in kind between the one best batter and the crowd of poor batters, what was it in degree? That a player has a .300 average means that in every ten official times at bat, he gets a hit three times and fails to get a hit seven times. That a player has a .200 average means that in every ten official times at bat, he gets a hit twice and fails to get a hit eight times. The player with seven failures out of ten was the leading hitter in his league, and those with eight failures out of ten were the poor hitters. The difference was one in ten. It was not small.

Now from baseball to politics—the voting in the 1968 Presidential election (Nixon 43.4 per cent, Humphrey 43.0 per cent, Wallace 13.6 per cent).

In descending order of support for Nixon there were three sets of voters. Pro-Nixon:

During the past few months, more and more people have become apprehensive over the security of Jews in America. Earl Raab's "The Black Revolution & the Jewish Question" in our January number suggested that such feelings are justified by the realities of our situation. Continuing the discussion inaugurated by Mr. Raab, Milton Himmelfarb here maintains that the situation is extremely serious indeed and warrants a more concerned Jewish response than uneasy apprehension. In our April issue Nathan Glazer will present another point of view on this question.

	Nixon	Humphrey	Wallace
High-income (National Broadcasting Co.)	63%	29%	5% [?]
Professional and business (Gallup)	56	34	10
College-educated (G)	54	37	9
Protestant (G)	49	35	16
White (G)	47	38	15
White-collar (G)	47	41	12
Middle-income (NBC)	44	43	13

Moderately pro-Humphrey:

	Nixon	Humphrey	Wallace
Blue-collar (G)	35%	50%	15%
Catholic (G)	33	59	8
Trade-union (NBC)	29	61	10
Slav (NBC)	24	65	11

And strongly pro-Humphrey, anti-Wallace:

	Nixon	Humphrey	Wallace
Mexican (West Coast; NBC)	17%	81%	2%
Puerto Rican (East Coast; NBC)	16	81	3
Nonwhite (G)	12	85	3
Negro (NBC)	5	94	1

How may the Jews be expected to have voted? Well, in which of the three sets do we belong? Bogue's *Population of the United States* (1959) gives this socio-economic information about us:

Two religious groups stand out above all others as well-educated: . . . Jewish and . . . Episcopal. . .

. . . being in the upper income brackets is closely related to . . . Episcopal or Jewish religion. . .

Jewish and Episcopal household heads who are

employed as professional, proprietary, or managerial workers tend to have higher median incomes than [others].

Socio-economically, therefore, the Jews ought to be toward the top of the pro-Nixon set. But on the one hand, we know that Jews have voted Left of Center. On the other hand, everyone had a scary anecdote—what a certain Jewish taxi driver had said, or a shopkeeper, or even a teacher—which led him to predict that this time Jews were going to make a sharp Right turn. Hedging our bets, we may expect Jews to have voted midway between the old habits and what seemed to be the new mood: with the moderately pro-Humphrey voters. In fact, Jews voted like the Mexicans of the West and the Puerto Ricans of the East—the poor, the racial minorities.

	Nixon	Humphrey	Wallace
Jews (NBC)	17%	81%	2%

Even the Negroes could hardly have voted less for Wallace.*

Before we leave statistics, let us learn from Gallup about the sturdy independents, and about idealistic youth and crabbed age. Watch the Wallace column:

	Nixon	Humphrey	Wallace
Independents	44%	31%	25%
Under 30	38	47	15
30-49	41	44	15
50 and older	47	41	12

Was the choice between Humphrey and Nixon a choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee? The American people did not think so. In 1968 they voted as they almost always do, most of the prosperous for the Republican and most of the poor for the Democrat. In 1968, again, the Jews were the only group whose voting was off the graph. We continue to be unique among American voters.

The old Soviet joke goes: "If everything is so good, Comrade, why is everything so bad?" For us it is no joke. If we are so good, or anyway less bad than others, why are things becoming so bad for us?

SURE THAT Left is better than Right, liberal better than conservative, radical better than reactionary, we are attacked from our own side. George Wallace said nothing anti-Semitic (whatever he may have thought). It is black nationalists who compete with each other in variety and intensity of anti-Semitic language; and I. F. Stone, of the Old Left but acceptable to the New, puts the current line in these words: "The Jews owe the underprivileged a duty of patience, charity, and compassion. It will not hurt us

Jews to swallow a few insults from overwrought blacks." (That "us Jews" is lovely.) He does not tell us when, at what point on the dialectic spiral, it became improper for socialists to remember that anti-Semitism is the socialism of fools.

A few years ago I was a guest at a conference of historians and sociologists who had met to consider the public-opinion polls, which showed high anti-Semitism from the 1930's till after World War II and then an uninterrupted decline. The scholars agreed that the polls reflected reality. A new stage had been reached in the evolution of American society—education, detachment from old communities and traditions, scientific or cerebral ways of making a living—where anti-Semitism had just about disappeared. Not that it had been replaced by philo-Semitism; the best way to describe the new situation was to call it a-Semitism. Whether someone was a Jew was of no importance, it made no impression one way or the other, no emotion attached to it.

I was one of a skeptical minority. We had no data, we only doubted that something so old and deep and widespread could disappear so quickly. We said—not to prove our point, because it was no proof at all, but to show how we felt—that in the McCarthyite years some of us used to wonder about what we called the mystery of the missing anti-Semitism: though Senator Joe McCarthy was a rightist demagogue, he had not merely abstained from engaging in anti-Semitism, he had gone out of his way to show he was not engaging in it (as with the low-comedy team of Cohn and Schine). To which a scholar we all respect said the skeptics must have a vested interest in anti-Semitism. We were too accustomed to reckoning with anti-Semitism, it had too important a place in our understanding of history, for us to recognize easily that it had passed on.

I wish he had been right and we, with our old, parochially Jewish belief in anti-Semitism's power to endure, had been wrong. But even the less parochial need not altogether deny anti-Semitism's endurance. Toward the end of his life Isaac Deutscher said:

An unrepentant Marxist, an atheist, an internationalist . . . I come unexpectedly close to the fears of an Orthodox Jew and a Zionist. I do not believe that anti-Semitism is a spent force. I fear that we may be living in a fools' paradise in our Western welfare state. The trustful feeling of freedom from anti-Semitism may well be one more illusion, a particularly Jewish one, engendered by our "affluent society."

It is the direction from which anti-Semitism comes at us now that perplexes and wounds us. We know that there has been leftist anti-Semitism from the beginning of the time when it makes sense at all to speak of Left and Right, say about two hundred years ago. But there has been much more anti-Semitism on the Right. In our minds we transformed that into a rightist monopoly on

* The first, erroneous NBC news release had Jews giving Wallace 13 per cent. *Congressional Quarterly* published the correction.

anti-Semitism; or rather, into an identity of Right and anti-Semitism. Having gradually acknowledged the anti-Semitism of Stalin, Khrushchev, their successors in Russia, and their vassals in Poland (and other countries that call themselves socialist), we are still unprepared for anti-Semitism on the American Left.

We had taken it for granted not only that all reasonable and just men would not do or say anti-Semitic things, but also that they would repudiate those who said or did anti-Semitic things. Anyway, why anti-Semitism? Why pick on the Jews? What other white group voted so pro-Negro; or, if that is too strong, so little anti-Negro? In Milwaukee, in Chicago, in Buffalo, in Boston, in Newark, in New York, Negroes have learned in unmistakable, physical ways how Poles, Italians, Irish oppose Negro demands. It is not Jews who throw stones, use fists, light fires, and go to the polls against Negroes. Yet in the black rhetoric the Negro seems to have only two external enemies in the United States, whites generally and Jews specifically. Jews—but not Italians, or Poles, or Irish. (Or WASP's. Look at those Wallace votes again.)

WHAT IS IT they say we are doing to Negroes? Genocide, emasculation, rape. Black Panther types say that; and also black teachers, professors, intellectuals, community leaders—in print, on the radio, on television, and at hearings of the New York City Board of Education. The executive director of the Interreligious Foundation for Community Organization says that Jews engage in economic rape of the Negro slums; but in Cincinnati a CORE leader turned storekeeper is angry when his customers complain that he overcharges them. You ought to realize, he says, that a merchant's prices have to cover his costs, and costs are high in the slums: insurance rates, losses by pilferage, and so on. We are repeatedly told that the black community resents Jewish storekeepers and teachers leaving every night, taking their persons and their gains with them. The black director of a Harlem bank does not live in Harlem, and the black \$30,000-a-year administrator of those schools in Brooklyn lives neither in Brownsville nor in Bedford-Stuyvesant.

When someone at a public hearing of the New York City Board of Education testifies for less decentralization of the school system than the board has proposed, and less community control, the board members respond. We must move forward, one of them answers, the crisis we are in does not allow us to stand pat. When anti-Semitic harangues are made at those hearings, or anti-Semitic leaflets distributed, the same board members are silent. Challenged, they explain that of course they do not agree, but by the First Amendment everyone is free to say what he wishes.

Zionism and Israel are held to be the enemies

of black people everywhere. Is the president of the teachers' union a Jew? Then call him a Zionist and warn him he will not be allowed to perpetrate in Harlem the genocide that the Israelis are supposed to be perpetrating in the Middle East. Before the election my son, a student in junior high school, asked the Democratic organization in our town how he could help. He was given literature and sent to the low-income, mostly Negro housing project—but cautioned not to hand out the leaflet for the Democratic candidate for Senator that boasted how much the candidate had done for Israel. Moslem Arabs are systematically murdering black people in Sudan, and Israel is supposed to be the enemy of blacks. In 1967 social scientists from ten colleges and universities in and near Chicago asked people whether they agreed or disagreed with a number of statements, including one that Jews are more sympathetic than other whites to Negroes. More than 60 per cent of the Negro respondents agreed; and there is no reason to suppose Chicago is exceptional. But how can that withstand the activists insisting that the Jews are the black man's enemies?

If that is not bad enough, the quota system is being introduced. Or reintroduced—only this time not, as in the universities and professional schools of the 1920's, to keep those pushy Jews (greasy grinds) from dispossessing the gentlemen, but to do justice to Negroes. Negroes are about 11 per cent of the population of the United States. At Brown University the administration agrees that from now on entering classes will have 11 per cent of Negroes. At Radcliffe care is taken to avoid mentioning a percentage, but the number the administration announces for future entering classes turns out to equal something like 11 per cent. (At Brown and Radcliffe they refuse to call the quota a quota; thereby, of course, preventing it from being one.) In Philadelphia Negroes are about a third, so a demand is made that the medical schools in Philadelphia put aside a third of the places in their entering classes for Negro students. That has not, or not yet, been conceded.

Quotas send a shiver down Jewish backs. They announce bad times. In the Soviet Union Khrushchev said enough "native cadres" had been developed for education, government, and the economy, so the Jewish share had to go down. For a semi-feudal country the *numerus clausus*—"closed number"; quota—has been explained as follows (in a UNESCO pamphlet) by a liberal Catholic priest:

As regards religion and respect for the human person and the primary natural rights, the Catholic protest against anti-Semitism is definite, united, and absolute; it is equally so in the matter of anti-Jewish discrimination based on racism. As regards the political and sociological aspects of the question, the Catholic attitude is qualified. For example, in pre-1939 Hungary,

the Catholic bishops, as members of Parliament, accepted the *numerus clausus* laid down for the admission of Jews to certain professions and schools. Here the bishops were acting as national leaders in a country where the Jewish minority (5.3 per cent of the population) had a practical monopoly in a number of spheres (press, theatre, etc.) or at least had a higher proportion of posts than its numbers warranted, even taking its cultural level into account.

The French Revolution was as much about meritocracy as about liberty, equality, and fraternity. Of all the revolutionary slogans, "careers open to talents" spoke most directly to the heart of the ambitious young man from the provinces, and Napoleon would have been less revolutionary if the *ancien régime* had not decided to be strict about noble birth for army officers. The objection to the principle of noble birth is that while the sons of the people are eager to make their way by talent and work, you aristocrats—*vous vous êtes donné la peine de naître*, you have taken the trouble to get born.

To hear some people talk these days, one would think that the merit principle is a Jewish conspiracy. The last thing those who made the French Revolution had in mind was to benefit the Jews. Though for a long time the Scots seemed to be especially successful in the British civil service, apparently that did not lead it to be regarded as a Scottish conspiracy. Yet here and now, somehow, suddenly, it is hard to find anyone who will defend the anonymous examination. If Jews do disproportionately well in these meritocratic contests, the reasoning goes, then the whole thing is unfair, a Jewish conspiracy in effect if not in original intention.

Today school principals and college students, tomorrow professors. If the municipal colleges in New York must now have students ethnically representative of the city's population—though for at least seventy years most of the students at City College have been Jews, sometimes disliked as radical but seldom as ethnically unrepresentative—why should they not have faculties that are ethnically representative? If the students of Radcliffe and Brown, why not professors? Why not the students and professors of austere meritocratic MIT?

Intellectuals (mostly writers, editors, and publishers) who are Jews—or rather, who had Jewish parents—are saddened by teachers and principals in New York City who do not step aside in favor of ethnically more representative competitors. But the same principle can apply to intellectuals. Who knows? Under the aspect of eternity, quotas may be just. It is only that such justice has invariably hurt Jews. If Father Congar can argue that in Hungary the Jewish minority was only 5.3 per cent, how long will it be before someone argues that in the United States the Jewish minority is less than 3 per cent?

NOW THAT we find ourselves so unexpectedly in trouble, we have no allies. We are not even our own allies, necessarily. Depend upon it, Dr. Johnson said, when a man is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully. Our minds it seems rather to distract than to concentrate. Many of us approve or at least *understand* the trouble we are in; Jews are a large part of those white, liberal audiences that pay for the delight of hearing black actors or activists flee and menace whites, liberals, and Jews. In the *New York Times* a Jew reviews a black intellectual's anti-Semitic book, notes the anti-Semitism, is silent about the intellectual poverty, and concludes that the book is "vigorously written [no] . . . fiercely [yes] and honestly [no] argued . . . a mind-plowing experience of the first order." For its part, the Jewish-label civil-liberties outfit is busy protecting us against—against a Christmas stamp with the archangel Gabriel from Jan van Eyck's "Annunciation," and a lottery ticket with a menorah and Shield of David. (The lottery ticket's Santa Claus is pronounced kosher.)

Nobody wants to hear any more about the teachers' strike in New York City, but one thing still needs to be said. The teachers, criticized for this strategy and that tactic, would have been criticized no matter what they did, short of giving in. While Herman B. Ferguson was appealing his conviction for conspiracy to murder Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young, "the community"—the local governing board—tried to appoint him as principal of a Brownsville school. When that fell through, the board's chief educational officer put him on the payroll as a consultant. Mr. Ferguson is the author of an article about black pedagogy, according to which the education of black children should be organized around the gun. In mathematics, for example, they could calculate trajectories. Suppose the teachers' union had done something that corresponded even remotely with "the community's" appointments of Mr. Ferguson. The outcries would not yet have ceased; but in the eyes of radicals and most liberals the Ferguson appointments did not detract from "the community's" cause. The teachers were wrong to begin with. Justice, justice—as in that exemplary instruction to the jury:

And when, amid the plaintiff's shrieks,
The ruffianly defendant speaks

Upon the other side,
What he may say you needn't mind.
From bias free, of every kind,
This trial must be tried.

I mention the appointments of Ferguson, who adores the gun, rather than the cult of Malcolm X, who was an anti-Semite, because it is pointless to keep amassing evidence that anti-Semitism is no longer beyond the pale. The one thing no one remarked on when the black students occupied that building at Brandeis—not even the parochial Jews, so accepted has it all become—is the new

name under which those students organized themselves: Malcolm X University. (The pacific Mr. Ferguson was the Freedom and Peace candidate for Senator from New York.)

So our allies are not going to come from the Left, liberal or radical—even though, or perhaps precisely because, so many of the liberals and radicals are Jews. They will not come from the Wallace or Birch Right. They will not come from the ethnics. Why should Poles or Italians bestir themselves for the Jews? In national elections they and the Jews were in the New Deal coalition, but otherwise they and the Jews are usually at odds. In voting on money for the public schools, the Jews are for, they are against. On aid to parochial schools and on smut control, they are for, the Jews are against. The Jews go to college, they do not. They hunt, the Jews do not.

Perhaps our allies are to be found in the Establishment—the Establishment which may be called enlightened, if not actually liberal? So far as the enlightened Establishment has thought about the matter at all, it has decided against the Jews.

IMAGINE YOURSELF to be a member of that amorphous entity, the Establishment. Would you not reason as follows? The big domestic problem is the problem of the Negroes, who have been moving in large numbers from the rural South to the cities of the North. They come from the South poor, uneducated, unskilled, remembering oppression, hating and fearing their oppressors. In the North, where they need not fear so much, they can express their hatred. For understandable reasons they, or rather their children, direct that hatred more against the Northern whites with whom they now come into contact—policemen, storekeepers, teachers—than against the deputy sheriffs back home. What is more, these people are lower-class migrants. White or black, native or foreign, lower-class migrant families break up, delinquency and crime increase.

For these newcomers to settle down (the reasoning continues), their elite must first be given a stake in the system. The last threat to the system came in the 1930's, with the unions. Tom Girdler of Republic Steel, a kind of fundamentalist of capitalism, fought the unions as hard as he could, and lost. It was lucky he lost, because the system has benefited from their victory. In return for union recognition and satisfactory wages, American industry enjoys labor discipline, the more effective because imposed by labor itself. Cheap at the price.

Who (the Establishment asks itself) can impose discipline on the black newcomers, especially in the schools? Not whites. Blacks are in no mood for that. Besides, white teachers are no longer tough or authoritarian enough. By their education, and maybe by their temperament,

tough authoritarianism is foreign to them. It is not foreign to blacks. When the black elite of Newark wanted to cool a disturbance, recently, they sent their people into the streets to knock a few heads together—their language—and the cooling was accomplished. If whites had tried to knock those heads together there would have been racial warfare and the civil libertarians would have yelled. There was no civil libertarian yelling about blacks doing it.

Some part of the black elite want good jobs. They want to be principals, school administrators, welfare directors. Others want their turn at honest graft—real-estate transactions and building contracts—or at bribes, kickbacks, and theft. These are the traditional spoils of office. The earlier migrants have had their chance at the spoils, and now the time has come for the blacks. How to give them their turn? By decentralization and community control.

For us, the Establishment, an extra dividend of decentralization and community control is that it can be cheap: the mayor of New York City, the hero of “the community” and its friends, reduced the school budget, with hardly anyone to pay attention, in the heat of the fight between union and “community.” Another dividend is that we will be able to cut labor down to size. Labor has been strong and fairly popular, if only because it represents so many of the people. For us, it is too big for its breeches, and everyone will think we are cutting from and for the Left rather than from and for the Right. A third dividend is that we may be able to detach the blacks from the New Deal coalition. We want the New Deal coalition weakened, because it has kept us from exercising in the cities and in the nation the power none is better-fitted than we to exercise.

Everything has a price (the argument goes on). What is the price of this? The weakening or destruction of the merit principle. Is the price too high? Especially in the schools, not really. The meritocratic machine produces people who may know subject matter well enough and may even know “how to teach”—whatever that may be—but it does not produce what we know to be most needful: people who can impose discipline, whose appointment will win them over while yielding their fellow-Negroes those symbolic gratifications that are so sweet to receive and so cheap to bestow.

Who will be hurt most? Jews. Well, fair is fair, and as between blacks and Jews we have no reason to reproach ourselves when we give preference to the blacks. It is not as though the Jews were suffering. They have done pretty well for themselves, and they have no right to complain if they are now asked to move over and make room for someone else. Anyway, the particular Jews in question here are a bit strident and given to hysteria. If they are no longer quite lower-middle-class, they still show the signs. And what can

they do? Blacks can cause trouble, real trouble. Jews only talk. It would be nice if dislocating the Jews were not the price to be paid; but a price must be paid, and this is both the easiest and fairest.

Quotas in the universities? (The reasoning is coming to the end.) That is only another way of asking about the merit system, and merit is not now the most needful thing. Lord Melbourne said he liked the Order of the Garter because "there is no damned merit in it." We got along well enough when there was damned little merit in the universities. How long is it since students in our best colleges got their gentlemen's C's, and went on to run the country? Besides being a political necessity, admitting those black students there will give a voice and glory to people who would otherwise go to their graves as mute inglorious Miltons and Cromwells. Professors? The world did not come to an end when our colleges chose teachers, too, without much finicky regard to merit. The country, the system, depends on having a large number of people with reasonable competence, not on invariably selecting or promoting the man with the highest decimal in his test score. Besides, it is funny when the Jews get all solemn about individual merit. They must think so many of them do so well in college-entrance and civil-service tests because each of them is some kind of genius, biologically. Would they be able to show all that merit in those tests if they had not been born of Jewish parents, into Jewish cousinages and associations? Those Jewish meritocrats are strangely like the *ancien régime's* aristocrats, they have taken the trouble to get born; except that the aristocrats realized it, and the Jews do not.

HENCE THE ENTENTE of the Establishment—the Ford Foundation, the Urban Coalition, the Republican Mayor of New York—and "the community" against the New York teachers. A friend of mine says the entente thought it was taking on Jews, and was confident it would win handily. It *would* have won handily—if those Jews had not been organized as a trade union. (More exactly: if many of the Jews had not belonged to the teachers' union.) To everybody's surprise, including their own, instead of capitulating like educated, liberal Jews, they fought like a trade union—almost as if they worked for the sanitation department (mostly Italian) or the transit authority (once mostly Irish).

But after all, how many educated, liberal Jews are organized as a union? Will Jewish parents, college applicants, students, and professors wage a comparable fight against quotas?

Many Jewish students have shown a liking for what we politely call confrontation, and many Jewish parents and professors either approve or *understand*. But the confrontation is always in

the name of universalist reform or rebellion. For Jewish students taking part in confrontation the first requirement is that they shall not think of themselves as Jews or of their purposes as Jewish. That would be parochial, out of the question. Jewish students will occupy a university building, or approve its occupation, to support the demands of blacks, but not to prevent or abolish quotas that will hurt Jews.

The class of Jewish universalists is one, with two distinguishable segments. Toward Center Left in ideology are those who make their livings in business or professions, and live on Park Avenue or in the prosperous suburbs. They have large views, responsibility, concern for the general good, impatience with parochial, particular interests. They are not like those unclassy Jews in Brooklyn, who went so far as actually to heckle the idealistic young WASP mayor of New York.

For me heckling is more than just distasteful. But when I consider how public discourse is conducted nowadays, and what one hears and sees every day on TV, in the news broadcasts and discussion programs; and when I consider that the classy Jews *understand* these; then I have to conclude that classy Jews horrified by Jewish hecklers are like a civil libertarian who defends the public use of language that yesterday would have been called obscene, but resents someone saying "hell" to his wife. In New York the classy Jews, to dissociate themselves from those other ones and show their likeness to the young idealistic WASP mayor, invite him to talk to them on Park Avenue, where they can applaud him demonstratively. It remains to be seen what they will think and do when the quotas and community control and all the rest of it begin to be applied to their businesses and professions.

Further to the Left is the other segment of the class of Jewish universalists—the writers, editors, publishers, and professors. They too are proud of their responsibility, but this is to the radical vision, or revolution, or the new world struggling to be born. I. F. Stone is one; and it was he who admiringly described the mayor of New York as idealistic and young. When Jews heckled he could not contain himself and wanted them slapped. (Humorously—but not really humorously—he has pitied the mayor as a downtrodden WASP.) Jews bother Stone. It is hard to imagine him filled with revulsion at the news that student rebels or black militants had heckled a Republican, and it is not hard to imagine what he would say if someone else, in that other circumstance, got all smarmy over the idealism and youth of a Republican politician pushing fifty. And if you wanted to slap any heckler but a Jew, Stone would call you a fascist. It remains to be seen what the radical intelligentsia will say and do when quotas and community control are applied to writing, publishing, editing, and professing.

All that distaste for Jewish parochialism is

nothing new. Deutscher has told us about "the non-Jewish Jews" he is proud to be numbered with: like Rosa Luxemburg, who said she had no room in her heart for Jewish troubles; and Trotsky, who said he was not a Jew, he was a revolutionist. On the whole, these thought they were rejecting Jewish particularity in the name of a philosophy and a vision that rejected all particularity. They thought they saw history moving to universalism, and they gave their lives to that movement. They failed, but not without some measure of honor.

What is newer is that the successors to those non-Jewish Jews are anti-Jewish Jews. Toward the end of the century, universalism is not what it was at the beginning. Nationalism, not internationalism, is the new reality. Not only in Asia and Africa: could Rosa Luxemburg have imagined Scottish, Welsh, and Breton separatisms? You can no longer say you oppose Jewish particularity because you oppose all particularity. That is an obsolete luxury. You have to oppose Jewish particularity because it is Jewish. You have to favor the particularities of the Jews' enemies. The journal of the French Jewish community, *L'Arche*, has reported on a recent book about the Middle East by a young French Jewish revolutionary. Because Israel is—as is well-known—a racist state, she did not visit it. She did visit the Arab countries, where she saw and heard much that ordinary people would take to be anti-Semitism, but her revolutionary wisdom tells her it is to be ignored. Her book is of such a kind that Ahmad Shukairy, who as ranter-in-chief at the UN was finally too much even for the Saudis who had employed him, has rewarded her with honorary citizenship in his Palestine of the future. *L'Arche* comments that in former centuries the enemies who hounded us most implacably were the Jewish apostates, and now they are the *progressistes* of Jewish parentage. (An exaggeration, but a small one.)

Isaiah 49:17 is a prophecy of consolation: ". . . those who ravage and destroy you depart from you." In the Middle Ages Jewish preachers interpreted this verse not as consolation but as lament. In a linguistically permissible way (compare Isaiah 39:7), they took it to mean: ". . . those who ravage and destroy you issue from you"—your own children are your enemies. The preachers meant the apostates: Petrus Alfonsi, Pablo Christiani, Abner of Burgos, Paul de Santa Maria, Pfefferkorn. As *L'Arche* implies, in this interpretation the verse can be applied to the anti-Jewish Jewish *progressistes*.

MOST JEWS, if universalist, leave room for particularity; if we are for others' particularities, we are not against our own. What are *we* to do? What are we to think?

De Gaulle is now the enemy of the Jews. He dislikes us, but that is not his reason. He is our

enemy in France's interest. As he says, nations have no permanent friends, they have permanent interests. In the United States every other group but ours understands that it should not be taken for granted, that it should encourage competing parties and candidates to bid for its support. Black nationalists and moderates have been telling Negroes that. But we Jews vote our fixation, not our interest. Why did I contribute to that 81 per cent the last time out? Would 70 or 75 per cent not have been liberal enough? It would still have been higher than the working class's percentage.

We esteem the left-of-center intellectuals and public figures. Why? Take the civil libertarians. They have helped to bring about a state of affairs that not only frightens the white middle class, it also frightens the Negroes. The civil libertarians (and the black nationalists) protest police brutality and the discriminatory harshness of our penal laws, but the Harlem NAACP fears criminal brutality more than police brutality. The Harlem NAACP wants police and laws and enforcement and imprisonment. Otherwise, it says, the prey of the criminals who now go uncaught or unprosecuted will be forced into something like vigilantism. They do not want to be vigilantes, but if there is no change they will have to be. Of course the roots of crime go deep. For the long term, basic social reforms are needed but meanwhile, the NAACP says, criminals must be caught and punished.

Harlem's irreverence for the civil libertarians is not diminished by this implausible story: A court authorizes the police to tap a racketeer's telephone for evidence about one of his rackets; they hear a policeman offer to make pistols available for the murder of someone who has displeased the racketeer; the policeman is tried for conspiracy to murder; the trial court orders him freed, because the wiretap was authorized for evidence about a racket, not for evidence about a conspiracy to murder. (A question to lawyers: in what other country would a court have freed the policeman for that reason?)

The civil libertarians have always told us that due process, as for that policeman, is what civil liberties mean. Then, suddenly, we find the same civil libertarians—not exactly a *judenrein* aggregation—less fussy about due process for the New York teachers. Here the civil libertarians' old obsession with procedural justice has disappeared. Now their cry is for substantive justice, as they interpret substantive justice.

There is a scholar with a good reputation, at a good university. Just before the election he writes in a newspaper what he has learned about white workers who say they are for Wallace:

. . . four out of five of Wallace's supporters contend that the assassinations of the Kennedys and of Martin Luther King were carefully planned by a group of people. One half blame the Communists for the riots in many of our

large cities. They see a hostile environment surrounding themselves. . . . 80% fear riding buses without police protection, and fully 92% believe that safety in the streets represents the major problem facing the country today.

This pattern of perceiving conspiracies and hostility in the surrounding environment . . . characterizes the perspective of many marginal groups in the American past: the Free Masons [he means the Anti-Masonic party], the Know-Nothings, the Populists, the Coughlinites, and the Joseph McCarthyites.

Everything is explained—explained away. It all stems from the traditional kookiness, culturally and racially if not economically reactionary, of bewildered American provincials. No need to take it seriously. In his campaign Wallace kept telling the crowds: "The pointy-headed pseudo-intellectuals look down their nose at folks like you and me." That scholar seems almost to have been trying to prove Wallace was telling the truth.

Is it right-wing or racist to worry about crime? The Harlem NAACP does not think so. Is it provincial? Embassies in Washington and UN diplomats—including East European and African ones—complain to the American authorities about crime. Is it uneducated to worry? About the events preceding the Columbia unpleasantness, Daniel Bell writes: "The Columbia faculty . . . living on Morningside Drive facing Morningside Park . . . felt a strong apprehension . . . about . . . muggings and thefts, largely unreported. . . ." Is it unrealistic to worry? The reported crime rates are high enough, and, as Bell suggests, much crime never gets reported.

Is conspiracy thinking right-wing and dumb? From the Left and the academy we have been getting a copious Fu Manchu literature, especially about the murder of President Kennedy, that makes Birchite maunderings look soberly rational by contrast. Is conspiracy thinking anti-Negro? After the murder of Senator Kennedy, Negroes tended to feel that "They" were responsible, that "They" were killing off the Negroes' friends and leaders: the President, Martin Luther King, the Senator.

JEWES ARE ANXIOUS about anti-Semitism, and a Jewish social scientist says we are crazy. A newspaper notes that he is the author of a study which concluded that "Negroes probably were less anti-Semitic than white Christians. But now, [he] suggests, the anti-Semitic statements of some Negro militants may be changing attitudes at the grass roots." No matter; the same paper quotes him as saying, "Jews are incredibly paranoid." He himself tells us that a minority of anti-Semitic activists are affecting the Negro majority that was formerly rather well-disposed to Jews; he reads that in Germany the courts are still trying anti-Semites for what they did when they had the chance; he must know that Anne Frank would not

yet be forty; but he says the Jews are mad to worry. (A question to psychiatrists: What is the technical name for the delusion that it is insane to be concerned about reality?)

Today it is approved knowledge that our welfare practice disservices the poor and threatens to bankrupt cities and states. Governors, mayors, a cabinet officer, commissioners of welfare, academic experts tell us that the South is dumping its problems into the North. The Southern states give the poor little, the Northern states more. Naturally, the poor go where they will get more. The solution proposed to us is a national welfare system, about the same everywhere. Then the movement of people between the states will be free and uncoerced, not the *de facto* deportation it is today. No one disagrees with what George F. Kennan says of "the great urban ghettos," but since Kennan is not in the compassion business he is able to speak in uncloudy language: ". . . you cannot cure the poverty that is already there unless you can prevent the constant importation of new poverty from somewhere else."

All this sounds reasonable. But if reasonable now, why not a few years ago? A few years ago you were not supposed to talk that way. When the New York State legislature considered a bill that would have made newcomers ineligible for welfare, everybody who was anybody exclaimed in horror. If you were for the bill, you were a bigot. That was official; and the governor, who is now complaining how unfair everything is, vetoed it. The official line was that welfare had nothing to do with migration. The New York City commissioner of welfare, now dean of a school of social work, testified at a legislative hearing that "the availability of public assistance did not affect the flow of population from state to state." He also said that if a residence requirement of six months were passed, he would do what he could to find loopholes in it.

That was in the early 1960's. At the end of the 1960's we learn this about welfare in New York City:

	1958-59 (12 months)	1969-70 (12 months; projected)	1969-70 per cent of 1958-59
Cost	\$235,400,000	\$1,700,000,000	722%
Number of people	240,000	1,300,000	542%

In the rich United States, should people be hungry and homeless? That would be an infamy. Should the residence law have been passed? Probably not. But have governors, commissioners, chairmen of community councils, and deans the right to tell us lies? Have they now the right to assert, with full and self-assured confidence, what they denied with the same confidence a few years ago?

How about us? Have we the right to be angry?

We acquiesced in the humbug. That testimony, about higher relief standards not attracting migrants, was absurdly false on the face of it. From one side of the ocean to the other or from one side of the street to the other, people move because where they are going to is more attractive (or less repulsive) than where they are coming from; they are pulled or pushed, or both. We knew that then as well as we know it now. We wanted to be lied to.

And now we are dismayed by more than the costs, and the numbers, and their seemingly endless steep growth. Now it is we who are held responsible for the poverty and ignorance of those many poor and ignorant who have been pushed and pulled here, and who have borne children into conditions that favor *their* being poor and ignorant. Those children tend not to do well in school, and the schools in which they predominate are not good schools. The same kind of people—or sometimes actually the same persons—who testified then that the push-pull principle of migration had been abrogated declare now, their expertness and sincerity intact, that the schools have failed. Not employment policy, or agricultural policy, or housing policy, or welfare policy, or migration policy, or anything silly like that—not these are at fault. The schools are at fault, the schools have failed. Some of the sincere and expert say the Jewish teachers are busy at genocide; and few say no. They used to be our friends.

In self-interest maybe we should do an about-face. But we are not the kind of people to whom that would come easily. Prosperous people do not vote with the poor: that is the rule. Jews want to continue being the exception.

We are unable to change without injury to our sense of who we are and of what justifies us; but our inability to change leaves us vulnerable to our enemies.

IN BEIRUT the Israelis earn the world's stern reprobation for their attack on—*horresco referens*—empty aircraft. American clergymen, the French president, and Soviet diplomats are moved by damage to things.

So are the custodians of art and culture. The Metropolitan Museum, directed by an eminent member of the Establishment, stages an exhibition about Harlem. Some Negroes do not like it, and picket. Someone scratches ten or eleven paintings, among them a Rembrandt. That is very bad, but fortunately the vandalism is superficial. (An art editor tells the public that "the damage is comparable to a light scratch on a piece of varnished furniture that does not go into the wood and can be removed with a little polish.") No matter. "In a voice choking with anger" the museum director cries out: "... poisonous ... unbelievable poison. ..."

The Harlem exhibition is provided with a catalogue, sold at the museum and in bookstores. The

introduction to the catalogue is notable for two things: 1) the authority who wrote it was a girl all of sixteen years old; 2) it is anti-Semitic.

Life has staged an unsubtle play, with type-casting and campy lines. Naturally, the museum director is upper-class WASP. Naturally, subordinate parts are played by Jews—*class*, *classy*; *occupation*, culture middleman; *habitat*, between liberal money and radical art.

In the first act the heroes stand up against a hysteria that would have us believe anti-Semitism is anti-Semitic.

Museum director: "... not bigotry ... not slander. ... It states a fact. And if the truth hurts, so be it! ... I condemn the tenor of the times which forces a young person who has lived in Harlem all her life to have these opinions."

First Jew (publisher of catalogue): "... not ... our function to censor ... contribute to the understanding of a difficult problem. ..."

Second Jew (organizer of exhibition, arranger of catalogue, selector of introduction): "... member of the ... Jewish community* ... face the realities of the world in which we live ... merely drawn attention to the facts."

The first act has a rude vigor about it, and little ambiguity. It shows how a representative of culture and the upper class weighs damage to things and harm to Jews; the entente between upper class and lower, WASP and black; how this entente sees Jews; and the function of a certain category of Jews in relation to the entente. From now on we will be unable to say we were taken by surprise.

In the second act it turns out that the hysterical Jews have a sting left. (*Cet animal est très méchant, Quand on l'attaque il se défend.* This animal is bad indeed, / Defending itself in case of need.) The Republican mayor puts more and more pressure on his friend the director. To be reelected the mayor needs Jewish votes. He knows he probably will not have as many of those votes as before, but he can try to keep his losses down; having begun to squeak, the Jewish wheel now gets some of the mayoral oil. Other things, too, may have happened between the acts. Has there been a conversation in a board room about a stockholder's frown? Is a museum trustee uneasy? Has a contributor come down with writer's cramp as he was about to sign his check? All we know is that this act is about the courage which is grace under pressure: heroes adding guile to strength, yielding on the periphery but holding fast at the center. They agree to a formula that concedes nothing essential, giving less to narrow-minded, mean-spirited obscurantism than the fabled Galileo gave, voicing out loud the *ep pur si muove* he only whispered. The formula concedes an error in judgment about public relations, the

* Note the confusing influence of television. This line is in the play to elicit Maxwell Smart's response: "Of course! The old I.F. Stone 'us-Jews' trick."

error of underestimating just how hysterical hysterical Jews can be. Nothing more.

First Jew: "... deeply regret ... we were not more alert. ..."

His boss (naturally, a Jew too; the same kind but older): "... no harm ... intended ... blown out of all proportion ... don't feel ... a matter of life and death ... worse things happening in the world."

Director: "... error in judgment ... controversy ... has threatened to mar ... entire project ... has deeply disturbed certain groups of people ... failed to sense ... racial undertones that might be read into portions of it. ..."

Mayor (about director's statement); "... brave ... how fortunate ... to have ... him at the Metropolitan Museum. ..."

The third act is yet to be staged.†

* For some reason, in my college days there was a brief fad of composing insolent imaginary apologies. The one I remember best is this: "If I have done anything you think I should be sorry for, I will not object to your excusing it."

† On January 31, after this was written, the Metropolitan Museum announced the withdrawal of the catalogue from sale. It is still on sale in the bookstores.—Ed.

We are cast as the heavies. In a city that our older kind of enemy was not long ago calling Jew York, we have been fobbed off with mock apologies for offense and haughtiness which neither that upper-class WASP nor his Jewish associates would think of committing against anyone else. In New York our remaining years in the civil service, and above all in the schools, are not many: if policy does not drive us out, terrorism will. (It has started.) In the United States we have not yet begun to experience what quotas must do to us. But oddly, after the second act of *Black, WASP, and Jew at the Museum* I think I feel a shade less discouraged than before.

POLITICS are still democratic. The calculus of votes and grievances still operates, the normal officeholder still hesitates to write us off. Jews are not quite so lacking in the instinct of self-preservation as I supposed, and some of us are even asking to examine the credentials of the doctors who brusquely diagnose our complaint as hysteria. What we will need for a while is a little bit of luck.

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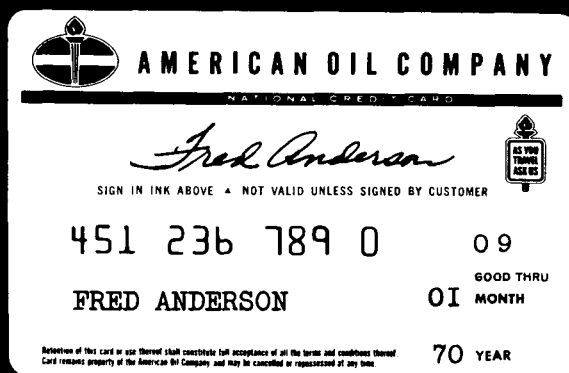
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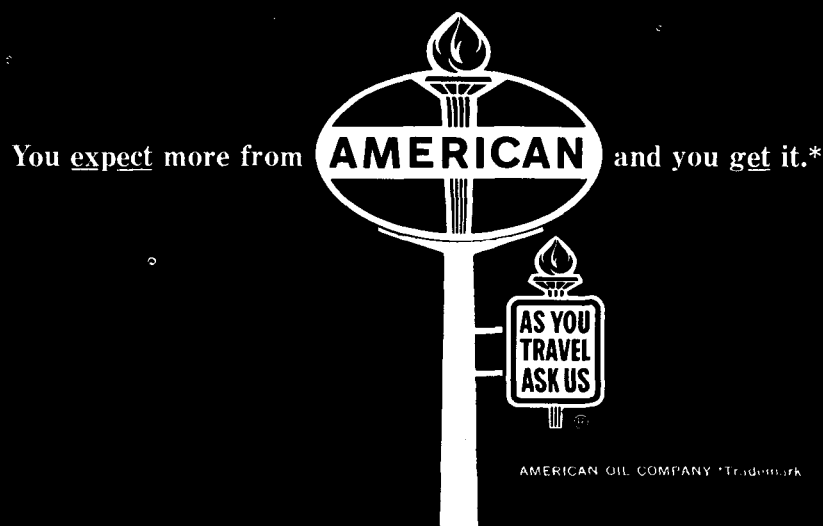
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The two front bucket seats can be adjusted to the contours of any female shape. They go forwards and backwards, adjust from English upright to chaise longue. Although all four seats tend to hug their occupants, we suspect that ladies really love them because of the smell and feel of English leather.

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Shifting and handling.

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Out of gas?

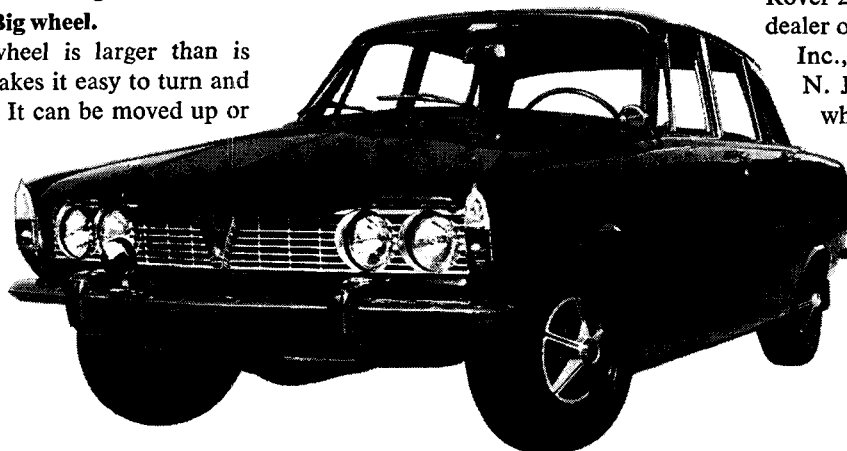
Nothing to worry her pretty head. A reserve fuel tank switch on the dash gives her an extra thirty miles or so to find a gas station.

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Know more.

If you want to know more about the Rover 2000 Automatic ask your Rover dealer or write: British Leyland Motors Inc., Willow Tree Road, Leonia, N. J. 07605. (We'll even tell you what men like about it.)



Heard about the Roverseas Delivery Plan? The same money it costs to buy a new Rover over here may buy you a new Rover in England and cover your transatlantic air fare, too.

A Condition of Servitude

A Story

John Thompson

HAD LENA been transformed overnight into the lady of the house, as they used to be called, would anyone but Lena herself have seen much difference in it? In those days, certainly, when Lena was young, the housewives of that neighborhood had no nonsense of leisure about them. They had their husbands and their children to look after, they had their houses to keep up; and so it was as simple as that, they stayed home and they kept things up.

Nor did young housewives in those days have costumes to set them apart, as today their daughters have, out in the developments. They had no more notion of that than they did of martinis, politics, barbecues, foreign automobiles, or any of that light manner of college days their daughters—granddaughters, some of them!—seem to be preserving as they dash about in their Bermuda shorts or tartan slacks, keeping things up for their own young husbands and their own children. No, they all looked quite like Lena then. When in those days a peddler beat his way from door to door in that neighborhood, his ring of the bell was answered by someone in felt house slippers, a long colorless apron over the house dress, a colorless cloth or dustcap over the hair; and he'd say, "Good morning, Ma'am. Am I speaking to the lady of the house?"

Those streets on the eastern edge of town were bright and unshaded then. Here and there survived a great dark elm or an oak from the old deciduous forest, here and there in the back yards were the memorials of a vanished orchard, an apple tree or a sour cherry tree gone knobby and arthritic, harvested only by boys and by the birds; but most of the trees and nearly all the houses were about of one age, then, with the oldest pack in the droves of neighborhood children. The husbands, by this time, had found their modest ways in the world, in business downtown. Six days a week they were gone from dawn until evening. In the long summer daylight evenings and on summer Sundays after church and after Sunday dinner, they worked in their yards. They put in rock gardens and rose trellises; they trimmed the shrubs, the snow-ball bushes and bayberry and spirea they'd set out along the fence lines and

around the big front porches. They did not, on Sundays, in those times, mow the lawn.

It was a life very much to Lena's liking, and she had made a place there for herself. There were few days when one of the wives in the neighborhood didn't call her in, with some task too heavy for one person alone. Where the family was large and the lady not very strong, it might be only the regular wash day. It could be the weekly mopping, sweeping, and polishing. Or it might be spring or fall cleaning, when everything except the piano came out of the house like a moving day. But Lena really preferred living-in where she worked, and this she did whenever the opportunity offered. There in the East End she felt at home.

Lena's own family's place was down on Baxter Street past Fuller, in the close blocks of spindly little houses where the Dutch lived. The kitchen was no more than a match-box, really, but it was the largest room. There in the morning after her brothers had clomped off to work, or had clomped back into the hall if some of them happened to be laid off, Lena would scrape the bowls and plates. This was as much as she could do, there; her mother was up even earlier than Lena was, and didn't want anyone bothering her until breakfast was over. Then, as Lena had her chance at last, her mother might sit down for one more cup of coffee. Another thing about Lena that seemed to set her apart, she was no coffee drinker. Lena would take a cup of tea. All the rest of her family were confirmed coffee-slaves. The big gray enamel pot stood on the stove all day, as it does in any proper Dutch house; and Lena could remember the jokes about her father, who had been the biggest coffee-drinker of all. "Vinkemulder: one nail, one cup of coffee," the other carpenters used to say. Lena's mother poured milk in her coffee, and plenty of sugar. Then she sat down and watched as Lena cleaned up the dishes.

"Should you stay there, Leentje, *bij een wed-uwenaar inwonen*? That is right?"

For some time this had been a great subject of conversation between them, in those broken two-minutes-worth conversations of theirs. Should Lena stay on at the Alford's? They covered pretty much the same ground every time. Mrs. Vinkemulder's voice moved slowly, resting here and there, lingering in places she liked. Lena was al-

JOHN THOMPSON's most recent book is *The Talking Girl and Other Poems*.

ways snapping along in a hurry to get it over with. "Why Momma. You know I've lived-in there off and on for five years."

"That's something else. No wife the man has now. That's something else."

Lena's mother was short and well-nourished. Lena herself rather favored her father, who had been a tall man with a long thin rambling face and big teeth.

"Those kiddies have got to have help, Momma."

"Ja. And a grandma he should get, Leentje. A grandma. Not a girl. A girl sleeping there, it is not right."

She would never be able to persuade her mother what life was like on those streets in the East End, what it meant to take care of a house there, where the men dressed every day as if it were Sunday. How could she not stay there? How could Lena feel there was even a question about it? So many mornings she had awakened at the Alfords. So many times at the crack of dawn—no alarm clock need summon Lena—she was on her feet, ready to pitch in, all the day before her clear and free for driving and bustling. She'd pull on her slip and her shoes as if she were going to a fire, she'd bunch her pillow into shape and jerk and slap the sheets and covers and bedspread so they were tight on the iron bed. There was no yawning and stretching and shuffling around in the morning for her.

Down over her head she would drag her sleeveless dress of no particular color, no particular shape. Raising her long arms, as thin and as strong as hickory slats, she'd beat with her hair brush at her stiff square-cut fuzz of bobbed hair, harrow it with a few cuts of her comb, and in two minutes she was in and out of the bathroom and on her way downstairs to the kitchen to get things going before the man of the house had to be off on his way downtown.

She buttoned the little girl's buttons, tied her shoes, she chased the boy outside, out of the way. Often, in those days before, there had been the wife to see to, as well. Lena had helped her in the kitchen, or, on the other kind of day, she'd gone running upstairs with the tray of tea and rusk in hopes the poor woman would eat. Sister was a good girl, and tried to help, when she wasn't in one of her sulks or tantrums. As for the boy, he could make a mess of anything in two minutes, and didn't listen to a word that was said to him. The little girl was no bother to anyone except that she did have to be looked after, as any child does. Lena had tried always to keep them as straight as she'd have done had they been her own.

YES, SHE HAD FOUND more than enough to do in that house. Not many people would have taken it on, but Lena had always been ready to sit with Mrs. Alford

and somehow do the work too and keep the children out of mischief all at the same time. Naturally, on bad days in those last bad years, everything had come at the worst possible moment. Perhaps on a Monday, just as she was getting the wash out of the machine, Lena would sense that something was wrong again. Even in the basement, she would hear, or truly just sense, that she had better get upstairs and sit with the poor thing for a while. Then what move should she make, if Dick or Dottie were hanging around in the hall, whining and rattling the doorknob of their mother's bedroom? And more than once she'd had to wash their mouths out with soap for what they said to her, for what they gave her as thanks for the care she took of them. No, it was true, nobody in the world could have expected Lena to do more than she'd done in that last year. The women in the neighborhood, wives and mothers, often told her so.

The Tuesday ironing was about as near as Lena came to hours of ease. Summers, she stood in the cool damp basement, with the cord dangling down from the light socket between the low beams and the wrapped pipes, while under her hands the damp shapeless wash was smoothed into the order and fresh edges of clothing and folded linens. Nevertheless, although she liked ironing and could do beautifully all kinds of pleating and lace, she wasted no time. She went at it as if she were sawing the clothes or smashing them. She couldn't bear taking things easy. When she had been doing wash for Mrs. Linz, and Mrs. Linz had bought the new mangle, how restive Lena had grown, sitting there scarcely moving as the machine stolidly accepted the linens into its scorched unhurried rollers.

If ever Lena felt weary, nobody knew it. On her nights off she was up and away. She would put on a bright dress and, carrying her high white roller-skate shoes, she'd take the street car down to the Coliseum to meet her girl-friend Henrietta. There as the band played they whirled tirelessly around and around the rink, hand in hand or arm crossed over arm. They would see what sort of fellows would turn up. It's true that Lena never seemed to take any of them very seriously. They were, most of them, good-for-nothing young clerks or factory hands, out of work about half the time. They certainly were not much like the businessmen in the families she worked for. But they were cheerful fellows. They would come spinning by, whirl, and swoop along ahead of the two girls, speeding backwards, bent over and grinning, with their long hair falling into their eyes. Some of them had automobiles and sometimes they would give the girls a ride around, and so on, and take them home. As one might expect from these young fools, there was always a great scurrying and tussling in the cars, a teasing, laughing, greedy kind of exercise. The young men would call out to one another from front

seat to back, in the same rough way they called out to one another at the skating rink, or at the diamond as they cracked a baseball back and forth into their mitts. The girls didn't much mind all this, even though they felt sometimes that they were little more than articles of athletic equipment themselves. After all, these were really no more than boys. Who would expect them to be serious or responsible? They had no idea of what it meant—boys like that, Dutchmen and Polacks, they would never in their lives have a real idea of what it meant—to be serious heads of families, to have businesses, to have other things to think about that are more important than tumbling around with girls in the back seats of cars. Still, for the time being, it was something for Lena to do; and on those nights the hour might be very late before Lena was home. That was another reason she liked sleeping-in where she worked. She did not have to go home to her mother. But even after those nights, Lena was up and out of bed by six-thirty.

ALL SUMMER, Lena went in and cleaned for Mr. Alford on Mondays and Thursdays. Not that there was really so much to do, with the children away; in August, when she had all the rugs beat clean, all the curtains washed and stretched and hung again, upstairs and down, and the linens rearranged, by a Thursday noon likely as not she was finished. A little cleaning, a little ironing—a sheet, a few towels, a few shirts, two BVD's, a pajama suit, some odds and ends—and she would let one of her other places have her for a half-day. There was always someone who wanted Lena's work. Everybody in the neighborhood knew her, for blocks around. Naturally, she knew a lot about the neighborhood too. People still asked her about the Alford's, for no one knew their story better than Lena. Everybody wondered what Richard Alford would do now. Raising a family was no job for a man alone.

On Mondays toward the end of summer, Lena would arrive at the house on Greenwood Avenue very early, often before Mr. Alford had gone driving down to work. If she came straight on from her mother's house, without breakfast, walking fast along the empty streets under the cool young maple trees, she would probably find him at the kitchen table reading the *Herald*, with his coffee and his sugar cookies. These Mondays the two coffee pots would be on the drainboard from Friday and Saturday along with the dishes and the saucepan he had used for coffee on Sunday. That morning's saucepan of coffee would be on the stove, boiled over, more than likely. Lena would scour out a pot and make fresh coffee. He would take a cup to dip his last cooky in, behind the *Herald*. From time to time, hoisted above the dishes, the paper flapped and spread and came down again, folded.

Lena could take coffee perfectly well now and then when she felt like it. She sat on the kitchen stool with her cup in her hand. She could sit there for two minutes, she supposed. It wasn't as if she didn't always eat at the table with the family; that she always did, with all her families wherever she worked.

"Hear from Aunt Marquita?" she might say. She threw the words like a handful of pebbles at the back page of the *Herald*. There seemed to be no name she could call him by. To the children she spoke of him, of course, as "Daddy." The neighbors knew what she meant when she said "he" and "him." What name he had in her own mind she could not have said; certainly not Richard, but not exactly Mr. Alford either.

After she spoke, he would lower the *Herald*. He had started wearing eye-glasses. This gave him quite a different appearance, as if he were younger or in disguise. They were horn-rimmed glasses, and quite distinguished, Lena thought. He looked like a doctor or a lawyer. Before he spoke, he raised the *Herald* again.

"Oh yes. Sure. Well. Marquita says they're all fine. Dick's shot up like a weed. Sister's a big help to her she says."

"How's little Dottie? She all right?"

"Oh that little girl. She's fine I guess. She's always had a sweet nature, from a baby. But I don't know. It's. What."

Mr. Alford might fold his paper then and let Lena give him still another cup of coffee. He might go on to say how he worried about Sister. It seemed to him that Mother had spoiled her. It never did any harm, he said, to have a little spanking when they acted up; but Mother had denied that to him, with her views on child welfare and all those things. The books she had read had taught her to put her trust in what she had called "moral suasion." So he worried about Sister, especially now she was growing up. All kinds of things could happen to girls. All kinds of things. As he said this, he had a way of looking past Lena to the window and then back at her again.

And Sister would flare out so, he said, if she were crossed, and would lose control of her temper. This was a great worry to him.

It was very difficult that summer, too, because the bills piled up and piled up on him. The doctors had done no good at all, and yet a thousand dollars was nothing to them. Then there was the undertaker and the cemetery. Most of all he suffered from the hospital, from their insistence and from their scorn. The cashier had finally agreed to take two typewriters in payment and the rest on time. But he could hardly see his way out. Sometimes, he thought, if Mother hadn't made him promise to keep them all together—he often began a statement like that. Lena sat there and listened. This, she knew, was the way men always talked, men with responsibilities.

Then he would get up. He stood by the table in his gray suit, buttoned in the smooth gray vest from just below his starched collar to below his waist.

"Well," he said, and he set off with those stiff broken steps of his, and turned back to the closet for his straw hat, and then, at least once before he reached the door, stood frozen in his tracks for a silent baffled instant, and set off again. Lena might stop him once more, asking if she could get something for him at the corner. She had to go anyway for Fels-Naphtha or blueing.

"Oh no." He sidestepped toward the back door. "Don't bother about me, Lena. I'll just." And he was gone.

Lena pitched into the dishes of three days. The Ford coughed and roared in the back yard, then loomed past the pantry window. Lena scraped at the cemented egg yolk and the petrified oatmeal. She ran down the cellar and lighted the hot water heater, so that when she finished upstairs she could get after the wash. She hung out the throw rugs to sun before she beat them.

Upstairs, the rooms at the front of the house were closed and quiet. In Mrs. Alford's big bedroom all the shades were drawn. Here in the East End, it was not unheard-of for the man of the house to sleep apart in his own bedroom. Mr. Bowles slept in his den, Mr. Zeemulder on the sleeping porch. Lena raised the shades in the back bedroom where Mr. Alford had slept since long before little Dottie had come.

She stripped the big brass bed. Under her hands the mattress folded, turned, rolled out obediently and lay flat. The hollow in the center would not appear again until he lay there. She flapped the clean sheets over, and the summer blanket and the spread. She held the two pillows, one after the other, in her teeth by the seam of the dry blue-and-white ticking that tasted like flour, and she shook the clean pillow cases up over them. She tucked his starched seersucker bedspread over his pillows. As she pushed the last fold of the spread under the pillow with her left hand, with her right she picked up his flimsy cast socks and a crumpled handkerchief. His bed was made in two minutes.

She scoured out the Saturday ring of his tub, and the film of his shaving in the wash-bowl. She put out fresh towels and a washcloth. On her knees she scrubbed the linoleum in the bathroom. The other bedroom and the two little rooms needed only dusting. The house was very empty. One Thursday late in August, she took Mother's clothes from the dresser and cupboard and closet, folded them on the bed, and packed them away in mothballs in the big hump-backed, ribbed steamer trunk in the closet under the eaves.

They were perfectly good clothes, too. Her gray coat with the big shell buttons looked warm and as good as new. Lena put everything away, but she overlooked the big knit woolly white car-

digan with the rolling collar that Mother had used to wear around the house on chilly days. Lena filled the pockets with mothballs, but the sweater remained hanging on the hook in the closet. Someone could use it, cold days in the fall.

WHEN SHE TOLD Mr. Alford what she had done, he looked at the empty closet and then opened the lid of the big steamer trunk. He looked at Mother's big feather hat she had bought only the year before.

"Those're real ostrich feathers," he said. "I paid ten dollars for that hat. She had her heart set on those feathers. I don't think she hardly wore it."

Then a few weeks before the children were due home, Lena began to rearrange things upstairs. Dick slept in the back bedroom with his father, and that was all right. Sister could sleep in Mother's bed now, in the front bedroom. She could use Mother's dressing table and the big mahogany chest of drawers. Lena put Sister's iron bed into the little alcove for Dottie. She set up the big white cast-iron bed in the little room off the front bedroom, for herself; and then, anyway, it is always handy to have a spare bed. Who knows, one of the children could sleep there if need be. There was a dresser there that Mother had enamelled white and decorated with pink roses painted between the pulls. In the days when she had been stronger, Mother herself had nailed up the beaver-board over the bare laths in that small room. She had even covered the beams of the slanting ceiling with it, standing on the step ladder while Sister and Lena had helped her as best they could. Richard Alford had said again and again that he was going to do it, but he was always too busy. Either he had to get back to the office, or his garden needed his attention. In some ways he was very like Lena. He could scarcely sit still for two minutes from morning till night.

So Mother had put up the wall-board and then she had papered it, with a pink floral pattern. Before Dottie came, she had used it as her sewing room. It needed new curtains now, on its one window, and in the corners the wallpaper had puckered and split. But Lena thought it would be proper to get the room ready.

Poor Ellen Alford had had nothing like Lena's strength, after the little girl was born. But she had known how to do everything. Lena had come to work for her as a girl of fifteen, just an ignorant girl. Lena's mother had old-country ways, and she had seemed no more eager to pass them on to her daughter than Lena had been to learn them. Mrs. Alford had taught Lena to sew every kind of fine seam, to iron, to cook; when the Alfords could not keep her on, at one time or another, it was easy for her to find a place as housekeeper or cook, with all she had learned. Whenever the Alfords needed her, Lena went back. Mrs. Alford had been very like a mother

to her, the gentlest, sweetest mother you could imagine. But in the last year, everything had changed very much. Then it had been Lena who did the mothering. Lena had sat through the long night with Mrs. Alford more than once, as the poor little thing wept and wept and wanted to run away. She said over and over that she was a disgrace and a burden to her husband. He could not afford to have a sick woman on his hands forever. She had been certain that she would never be able to take care of the house and the children again, no matter what Dr. Loeker said. What could Lena do, but appear to listen to her, paying no attention to the wild words she spoke and couldn't possibly mean. Sometimes Mrs. Alford believed, poor thing, that she was angry with Lena, and flashed out at her; but Lena would only hold those poor wasted arms and wait for her to doze off at last. Then Lena would try to get an hour's rest before she was up with the children and their father.

Mr. Alford blamed himself for all of it, freely. He didn't know what he had done wrong, he said. Sometimes he said that it almost seemed he wanted to wash his hands of the whole business. It had happened more than once that he and Lena had found themselves together at some exhausted hour when the children and their mother had cried themselves to sleep and all was quiet upstairs. There was a stillness then like the stillness after a battle, and they shared the guilt of sole survivors. "Lena," he'd say, walking up and down with his quick jerky step, holding one hand in the other, "I just don't know how it's all going to, to."

When Mrs. Alford had been in the rest home, or in the hospital, Lena had moved into the house and had taken care of everything. Then, when she had come home again, Lena had her hands full. The doctor had taken Lena aside and had told her that since they weren't going to send Mrs. Alford away, as he wanted them to do, it would be necessary to keep the children apart from their mother for a while. Well, of course that was easier said than done, in such a little house, and the kiddies couldn't understand it at all. Lena had kept them all going, somehow; she had fixed the meals and kept the house up, nursed Mother and watched her, and had seen to it that Daddy had his breakfast early so he could get downtown; the neighbors said they didn't know what he would have done without Lena. They said this to Lena herself, and clearly they meant every word of it. Now they said they didn't know what Mr. Alford was going to do.

Lena could not say what he was going to do, either; at any rate, whether she knew or not, she said nothing. Nor if he himself knew did he say anything about his plans. He spoke seldom to the neighbors, seldom even to Lena. Early every evening, she knew, he was home. There he would change into his old clothes and work in the flower

garden, trimming the bushes, mowing the lawn. In the dusk he sat on the front porch, smoking his cigar. Sometimes, Lena knew, one of the neighbors would wander over, climb the steps to the porch, and sit with him a moment; he had little to say and the neighbors were not much good at questions. Who could guess what he might be thinking? For two or three weeks after the children had left, he had gone every night to the movies. He went to the Wealthy or the Cherry or the East End or the Bijou, as the programs changed. Then he had stopped going to the movies. A few times, Mrs. Schenck had him over to hear the radio. But aside from that, he was alone, alone. Was this the life he planned to live?

A LONG TOWARD SEPTEMBER, as well as coming early in the morning on Mondays and Thursdays, Lena took to staying later in the evenings to fix supper for Mr. Alford. She told him he must be tired of stopping off to eat at Chinnick's or the Cherie Inn every night. She would get a few pork chops and fix those with scalloped potatoes, or she would make a meat loaf, or veal patties. She baked a sour-cherry pie or some kind of cake every Monday, so he would have something to pick at during the week. At first she left these things for him, but then after two weeks she found it simpler to stay a little longer, have everything fresh and hot, and stay on to supper herself. It was no concern of her mother's; Lena's work kept her away half the evenings anyway. Her girl-friend Henrietta used to say she wondered what Lena thought she was getting for all those long hours. She could make more in a shop any day. Lena would ask what Henrietta thought she was getting by doing nothing all day and staying out half the night with some unemployed sheik. Lately Lena had given up the roller-skating nights. Besides, it was none of Henrietta's business.

Lena had the feeling it was best to get absolutely everything in order before the kiddies returned. Things had to be settled. She knew there would be a hard time coming soon. After running wild on that farm all summer, they were going to be hard to handle for a while. Their Daddy wouldn't like having them out of order.

She was talking to him about that one night, just the day before he was to go out to Iowa to bring them back. He would be taking the train to Chicago. Lena's friend Henrietta had been to Chicago, and had told her about the Loop and the Field Museum and the Chinese restaurant.

"Sister and Dick are going to need some new clothes before they start school," Lena said. "They'll be busting their buttons."

"Oh yes."

"I could take them down to Herp's. And charge some things."

"Well, Dora said maybe she'd give Sister something."

"Oh you know her. She'll give some fancy dress not fit to wear to school. It's everyday things that count. Like those patent leather shoes she gave her last year. You wear them once and they're all apart. They don't need a lot of fancy things any more than I do."

"Well. I don't know. They're hard on their clothes all right."

"You'd better let me take them down to Herp's."

"Well. I guess. It's."

"How's your stomach?" Lena always spoke very rapidly. As Mr. Alford's speech became slower and more hesitant, her own took on more and more finality until each word was like a shot.

"We'll just get by some way," he said. "I promised Mother to keep them together. The Lord knows."

"Well," Lena said. "It's sure Marquita and Anders can't keep them out there on that farm forever. The poor things need to be in their own house and looked after."

They were eating vegetable soup with large pieces of boiled beef in it. Lena had set the table in the dining room.

"Now those kiddies will be all right," Lena said. "There's no need for a lot of fancy things like some people. There's plenty good things in this world aren't fancy."

"That nothing goes wrong with them," Mr. Alford said. "With a girl. I only hope they don't go wrong."

After dinner, Mr. Alford looked at the paper and smoked a cigar while Lena washed and dried the dishes. Then she went in and spoke to him. She took off her apron and dried her hands on it. Her hands were red.

"I thought I'd better stay over tonight so I can get things fixed up in the morning," she said. "I put up the little bed. I ought to air out all their clothes tomorrow and the beds before I make them up. Besides that I'm all ready for them."

Mr. Alford took out his railroad tickets and looked them over. He had four or five long strips of colored paper.

"I better pack my grip," he said. "I don't want to be all in a rush in the morning."

He put out his cigar and stood up. He walked over and closed the front door and put on the night latch. It was dark outside. Then he started to walk back toward the kitchen.

"I'll lock it up," Lena said.

"Oh."

HE WENT UPSTAIRS. Lena stood in the living room for a minute and then she went to the foot of the stairs.

"I ironed up your white shirts today," she said. "I'll get them for you."

She went upstairs. He was in the back bedroom. The glare of the fluted glass lamp on the ceiling lighted the room like a box. He had taken off his coat and stood there in his shirt sleeves and

the two flaps of his unbuttoned vest. His suitcase was open on the brass bed.

"I ironed up your white shirts," she said. Next she said, "Mother says I can't stay here."

Then she found that his arms were around her waist. They were pinching the bones of her elbow into her ribs. His face was pushed into the thickest part of her fuzzy bobbed hair. When he spoke, his voice was loud and rushing in her ear and she could not really understand what he said.

"Show you where to stay," he seemed to be saying. "I'll show you right where. I'll show you where to stay, all right, don't you worry about."

The chain on the ceiling light clanked. The bedroom was dark. There was a terrible thump when he set the suitcase on the floor, and then the brass bed rattled and squealed as he pushed her down. Some of her clothes were off and some were on. Through the windows she glimpsed the black upper boughs of the old box-elder tree in the back yard looming and moving against the sky. It was all over in two minutes.

When he came back upstairs from turning out the lights, he walked very slowly. Lena had turned on the light. She had straightened out the bed, and now sat on the edge of it. She had straightened out her clothes, too, and had picked up his suitcase and his necktie.

In that small bright box of a bedroom there was very little space to move around, between his bed and Dick's bed and the two dressers, but he moved from one place to another. He did not look at her. The light was very bright.

"I don't know, Lena," he said. "I didn't mean. It's. I told you, business is bad this summer. I don't know if it will pick up in the fall."

He kept sliding his hands under his suspenders, getting dressed or undressed.

"People don't know what I'm faced with," he said. "If she hadn't made me promise to keep them all together, sometimes I think I'd put them out somewhere. It is a tough proposition."

"Those kiddies are going to be all right," Lena said.

"I don't know, sometimes I just don't know what to say," he said. "People don't know what I'm faced with. This summer the way the bills come in."

He put two clean shirts into his suitcase.

"If I can just hang on and pay the bills till winter comes," he said, "I think business will pick up."

"But what am I going to do?" Lena said.

"I have. I don't know what would happen. Lena," he said. "Now don't get worked up. What comes over me. I'll be able to pay you come what will. Then maybe things will pick up this winter. That's."

Lena said to herself, Well, what did I expect. She stood and then quickly bending, reaching out in her darting manner, she straightened the small limp rag rug that had been scuffed around.

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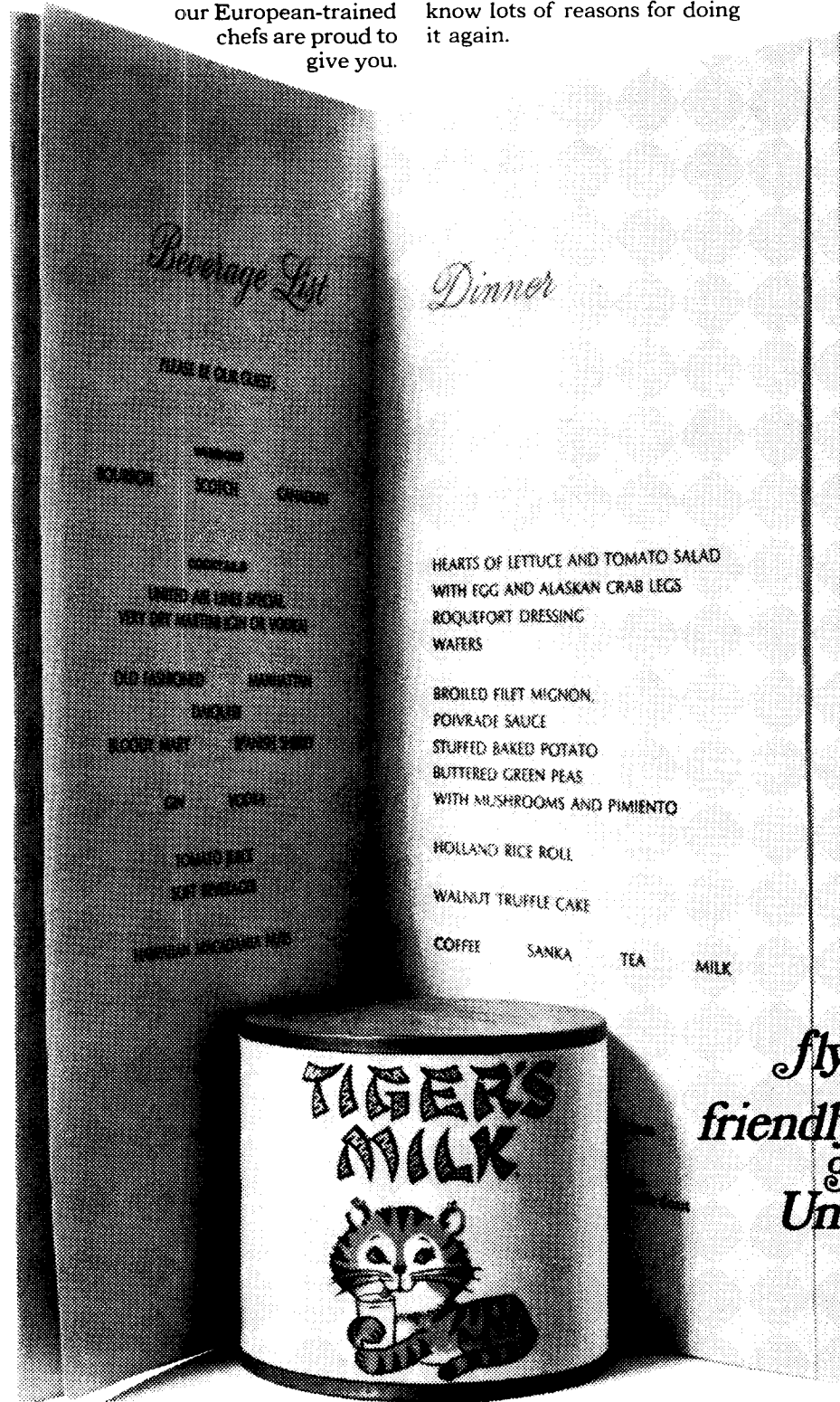
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The Prospects of War in the Middle East

Gil Carl AlRoy

AS THE HOPES of Americans for a negotiated settlement to the war in Vietnam continue to rise, popular apprehension appears to be shifting increasingly toward the Middle East, where, it seems, conditions proceed inexorably from bad to worse. The Arabs, now heavily rearmed, utter dark warnings that they will seek violent alternatives to the "political solution" that has so far eluded them. While official spokesmen from Cairo caution that it may require two more years to whip the Egyptian army into even a semblance of parity with the Israeli foe, it is clear that Egypt is already more than prepared to start another losing war. Indeed, the recent incidence of artillery barrages of spectacular proportions across the Suez Canal, as well as the step-up in commando raids, appears to suggest that the Egyptians may not wish to wait very long.

Reports from Amman are even more alarming. The cease-fire along the Jordan River degenerated some time ago into a state of almost permanent violence, spreading both westward with Arab terrorist attacks, and eastward with Israeli reprisals. Meanwhile, the Jordanian government is itself crumbling from the internal pressures caused by guerrillas determined to goad Israel into another war. The Syrians, bristling with Soviet arms, share the cataclysmic vision of the guerrillas. Even peaceful Lebanon has been caught up in the vicious circle.

Perhaps the greatest fear of many observers is that the next Middle-East war, if it comes, will come inadvertently, as provocation and retaliation alternate in a chain of escalating violence, and the adversaries finally find themselves locked in a war nobody really wants. And, although few men doubt that a premature fourth round between Israelis and Arabs would result in yet another defeat for the latter, they fear that this time the Soviet Union would be "bound" to intervene militarily to rescue the Arabs. Thus, warns a popular newsmagazine, "the United States could find itself trapped in the ring with

the equally reluctant Russians, should the Arabs and Israelis square off for another round of full-scale war."

This apprehensive perspective is strengthened by several factors not directly related to the situation in the Middle East. Chief among them is the popular American reaction to the Vietnam trauma, expressed in rising pressures for global disengagement. In particular, the heightened sensitivity of many Americans to the risks of inadvertent involvement inclines them to form pessimistic estimates of the situation in the Middle East. Moreover, the statements of authoritative observers and officials are likely to endorse such pessimistic estimates, if for a different reason. Given the scarcity of reliable knowledge on the dynamics of violence in the Middle East, the "safest" official stance is to predict more war; almost any outbreak of violence will tend to confirm the prediction, while nothing would seem to prove it false (even the prolonged absence of violence may be attributed to the efficacy of the dire warnings issued by such observers). And finally, one must not overlook the obvious appeal which pessimistic estimates of the risk of war in the Middle East have for various segments of public opinion that have been unhappy with the conduct of American policy since the Six-Day War. America's failure to restore Arab losses on Arab terms, as was done in the aftermath of the war of 1956, has been deeply resented in certain circles (especially among ecclesiastics, diplomats, businessmen, Orientalists, etc.); such people can now claim to be justified in their contention that this deviation on the part of the government must inevitably lead to a disastrous end. The vision of imminent war also serves to mobilize public opinion for the imposition on the Middle East of a Soviet-American settlement, which would probably reflect the Arab position at this stage of the conflict. The current ominous forecasts from Arab, Soviet, and Western sources invariably link the threat of war to a call for this sort of solution.

The advent of a Republican administration in Washington may well provide a particularly congenial atmosphere for thinking of this kind, as Republicans are more accessible than Democrats to the very groups alienated by previous American policy in the Middle East. Regardless of his own evaluation of the risks of war in the Middle

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East, President Nixon may welcome the justification which apprehensive estimates furnish for instituting high-level dealings with the Soviets—something he may, for temperamental reasons, desire in any case. Certainly the men he has chosen to fill a number of sensitive posts have given voice to the line of thinking described above: William Scranton, for instance, in statements to the press, and Charles W. Yost, in an article in the January issue of the *Atlantic*.

Various forces, then, have combined to deepen and to diffuse anxiety about the possibilities of war in the Middle East, and it has therefore become all the more urgent that an attempt be made at this juncture to sort out and clarify the issues. How likely is a major war in the Middle East? What factors must be present to determine or to precipitate such an outbreak of hostilities? What place should we assign to forms of violence other than open war? What role do world powers play in the mechanics of violence in the area?

ANY ANALYSIS of the Middle-East situation must begin with the recognition that Israelis and Arabs do not wage the same kinds of war, nor are they inherently capable of doing so. And when it comes to modern warfare—which involves the coordination of large-scale movement with intense fire-power—the gap between Israel and the Arab states is so large in degree as to become a difference in kind.

This asymmetry in the capacity to wage war may be traced through the three instances of full-scale war between Israelis and Arabs in the last twenty years: 1948, 1956, 1967. The first war, involving five times as many days of actual fighting (68) as the other two combined, is an especially helpful example, the more so because its initial phase, from May 15 to June 11, represented the only period in two decades of war in which asymmetry was *not* immediately apparent: during that period, Arab armies moved aggressively forward, while the Israelis were on the defensive. The Israeli army was just then being formed; its arms were only beginning to arrive; Israel faced simultaneously the regular armies of Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Egypt, the Anglo-Arab Legion of Transjordan, detachments from Saudi Arabia, and thousands of irregulars in Palestine itself; it had no navy, air force, or armor, and virtually no artillery; Arab fighters and bombers had the skies all to themselves.

But even with this unique advantage, Arab military performance by and large concerned itself with the occupation of undefended land, up to the point of Jewish resistance. Having “conquered” purely Arab areas of Palestine, each of the Arab armies concentrated upon the task, not always successful, of taking one or two small Jewish settlements. The Anglo-Arab Legion succeeded at Etzion and in the Jewish quarter of Old Jerusalem, both long isolated by Arab irregulars,

and took two abandoned settlements; the Syrians captured the border village of Mishmar Hayarden; the Egyptians captured two isolated outposts in the Negev; the Lebanese failed entirely.

The essentially static nature of Arab warfare was further manifested in the lavish bombardments and artillery shellings, unrelated to any real movement of troops, to which the Arabs often resorted. (The British-officered Legion pumped no fewer than 8,000 artillery shells into New Jerusalem within twenty days, killing nearly 400 civilians and wounding many others.) If Arab campaigns of conquest resembled the storming of open doors, the Arab response to resistance was like the harnessing of a freight-train to crack a hazelnut. The lack of “punch” was particularly remarkable. Having traveled several hundred miles to fight in Palestine, the Iraqi contingent, with an entire armored-car regiment at its disposal, could not be moved over the last seven miles to the sea—an operation which would have cut the infant Jewish state in two. Yet these same Iraqis gave an excellent account of themselves in defending Jenin, as did the Arab Legionnaires at Latrun and the Egyptians at Iraq Suidan and Iraq Manshieh. Defense, especially static defense, dovetailed with the Arab penchant for sedentary warfare.

The developing pattern of war in the Middle East was demonstrated with greater clarity in the next phase of the 1948 war, when, after a month of truce, the Israelis mounted two major offensives in ten days. These operations involved highly mobile units, greatly concentrated fire-power, and the coordination of various branches of the military in the execution of daring and sophisticated plans. The Israelis conquered Nazareth, Ramleh, and Lydda, and occupied 1,000 square kilometers of Arab-held land containing scores of villages. By July 1948, although the Arabs and the Israelis were still fighting each other, they were decidedly not fighting the same kind of war. As was to be the case in future hostilities, the Israelis were already fighting against the clock of international intervention more than against Arab military might.

The spectacular difference between the two sides which emerged in the second phase of the 1948 war may be explained not by any discrepancy in respective inputs of manpower and materiel during the preceding truce, but rather by the difference in the social and military structures into which these resources were poured. In fact, additional inputs were nearly equal on both sides while the respective outputs, in terms of military power, were highly imbalanced. In later months the attainment of numerical parity resulted in an increasingly widening gap between the sides. By October and December of 1948, the Israelis required only a little more time than they would in 1956 and 1967 to inflict total routs on Arab armies: three days for the Arab Liberation army

in the Galilee; seven days in October and fifteen days in December-January for the Egyptian army in the South.

ISRAELI and Arab military performances in the wars of 1956 and 1967 suggest that the discrepancy between the sides has if anything grown since 1948. When taken separately, to be sure, particular aspects of each war might appear to contradict this statement. Thus, in 1956 it was said that the Egyptians were taken by surprise and were overwhelmed by the combined forces of Britain and France, not by Israel alone; in 1967, the Israelis (some say, perhaps not entirely alone) wiped out Arab airpower, thereby leaving Arab armies bereft of protection. But when taken as a whole, the pattern is quite clear, and it constitutes, moreover, a disturbing reflection on the supposedly revolutionary transformation of Arab society which is said to have taken place in recent years. In June of 1967, unleashed again in sacred *jihad* after nineteen years, the Arab Legion managed once more to bombard the civilians of New Jerusalem and elsewhere and to "conquer" an undefended UN structure. From almost impregnable fortifications high above Upper Galilee, the Syrian army, nineteen years after Mishmar Hayarden, once more "charged" the enemy by lobbing shells onto the settlements below. The recent conduct of Egyptian forces in Yemen has, of course, been equally sedentary in nature.

AN ADEQUATE understanding of respective military capacities in the Middle East has long been obstructed by a traditional belief—held not only by the combatants themselves but by most observers—in military effectiveness as a function of "spirit" (antagonism to the foe, rage against the enemy, ardor for the cause, etc.). Israelis have attributed their successes to "miracles" or to the mystical powers of people who fight with their backs to the wall; they have sometimes been gratified to see in success a token of divine support for the Zionist task. Many of them, like some foreign observers, have concluded, from the evidence of Arab offensive weakness, that the Arabs are not really serious in their hostility (the assumption, of course, being that the Arabs could have a strong offensive capability if they so wished). This interpretation has suited those Zionists who have always argued that Arab hostility to Jewish statehood was artificial; it has also suited Western anti-Zionists, who argue that although Arab hostility is indeed implacable, the Arabs would not destroy Israel, presumably out of profoundly humanitarian reasons.

As for the Arabs themselves, they have regarded their military shortcomings in ways best suited to defend their own cherished image of themselves. In answering their need to identify an enemy who possesses sufficient strength to under-

take the grandiose task of defeating the mighty Arab nation—a task obviously not within the grasp of a small and contemptible people like the Israelis—they have fallen back on numerous explanations, most frequently citing great power complicity with Israel or, failing that, preposterous population figures for the Jewish state. Other explanations of Arab defeats have taken note of the need for modern skills and technology, and for a radical transformation of the social structure. Proponents of this view, however, most often conceive of modernization as an instrument which will provide the means to satisfy the neuroses of a transitional society in its painful encounter with modernity, without really altering the values and orientations of that society.

Hence the insatiable Arab appetite for monstrous quantities of weapons, especially technologically sophisticated ones, which give the Arabs a sense of security and achievement without affecting those aspects of society which must be changed if the Arabs are ever to achieve the kind of military performance they crave. Modern social science has long since disproved the efficacy of such traditional martial virtues as fierceness, hatred, cruelty, and manhood; rather, the roots of modern military effectiveness have been located in factors like social cohesion, affective interpersonal relations, diffusion of trust, integration in the larger society, and cooperative ability. No amount of military hardware can alter the fact that the Arabs are still exceedingly insecure, living in disintegrating societies suffused with violence, hostility, and utter distrust of fellow Arabs. Large amounts of hardware may actually aggravate this condition: recent reports from Cairo speak of a grim determination by the Egyptian military to weld its backward manpower to the sophisticated Soviet equipment by an unprecedented resort to intimidation and physical assault.

Given all this, it is somewhat ironic that Arab society, with its quaint and ingratiating formalism, should exercise so much charm upon Westerners, while Israel's unglamorous exterior is found jarring and abrasive. For the truth is that if the formalism of Arab society is a necessary complement to its essential violence and disintegration, the brash assertiveness so often complained about by Western visitors to Israel is merely the external skin, not the essence, of Israeli society. For the latter, one must look to the intense cooperation, cohesion, and egalitarianism epitomized by the kibbutz, and widely diffused throughout Israeli society as a whole. Each of the most aggressively effective units in Israeli military history—the units which have made up the *Palmach*—has been in fact a miniature kibbutz. Members of the *Palmach* traditionally had no militaristic outlook in the ordinary sense of the word (they were actually steeped in left-of-center internationalism), and virtually no personal animosity

toward Arabs; but their solidarity and egalitarianism were probably matchless.

THE PATTERN of violence which emanates naturally from Arab society is *fedayeen* warfare—a variant of the brigandage that is endemic in all pre-modern societies, and that stands, as a phenomenon, somewhere between folk-heroics and banditry, assassination and Robin Hoodism, highway robbery and political rebellion. The universal gunman who represents the ideal type of the brigand both preys on the rural mass and defies its oppressors; he is personified in the legendary figures of international folklore: Terente; Schinderhannes; or Antar, the Arab epitome of mustachioed fierceness.

Brigandage requires little or no cooperation. Typically, it is the warfare of loners or of a small group bound together as much by mutual distrust as by anything else. It does not require the qualities of discipline, restraint, or abstraction that characterize industrial man. Its rhythm is as fitful and seasonal as its agrarian matrix; its pattern of authority consists in a tension between abject submission and unbridled anarchy; its aims and achievements are consistent with the blood-feuds, honor codes, and erotic aberrations of a culture that is based on the ideals of male vanity.

Fedayeen warfare against Jews was waged with considerable success by the Arabs of Palestine throughout the 1920's, 1930's, and 1940's. In conjunction with related forms of communal violence, it helped to effect a steady erosion in the British commitment to the Zionist cause. Since 1948, *fedayeen* warfare has also been waged intermittently against Israel, not merely in the form of unplanned spontaneous hostilities, but as the kind of planned warfare most likely to be tolerated by the international community. Indeed, after all these decades of *fedayeen* attacks, there is something terribly spurious about the way in which the Arabs themselves, and even more so the Western press, have now pretended suddenly to "discover" the *fedayeen* as a military force. The current crop of *fedayeen* certainly differs in some ways from the older models, but the significance of this difference is not necessarily the obvious one. It is true, for instance, that the current *fedayeen* include a substantial number of university men, but better-educated *fedayeen* may paradoxically be even more irrational, or at least more psychologically troubled. The need of such individuals to reassert an Arab identity in the face of the perceived disintegration of traditional Arab society may make their abomination of Israel all the more intimate and compelling, since the very idea of Israel invites demeaning comparisons with their own inability to transform Arab society.

There is something equally spurious about the proposition that the Arabs have deliberately se-

lected the *fedayeen* mode of hostility against Israel, as if alternative modes of warfare were available to them. And the same may be said with regard to the familiar threat of the Arabs to seek a "military solution" if political means fail to restore the Arab losses of the June war. Of course, these fantasies are not without their uses: they help defend the Arabs' self-respect, and they build international pressure for Israeli concessions. In reality, however, it must be recognized that the Arabs are already waging war on Israel *as best they can*. Unable to generate a real war, a war of movement, they can only intensify the sporadic and static warfare (*fedayeen* violence, artillery barrages, rocket attacks, etc.) which they are being allowed to wage without serious interference by the international community. As a result, the situation in the Middle East remains now what it has been from the beginning. By virtue of their overwhelming advantage in the international community, as against Israel's relative isolation, the Arabs have been permitted to wage war to the limits of their ability, in a manner consistent with the capacity of the international community to restrain Israel from waging war to the best of its ability. Intensified Arab efforts now might take such specific forms as an Egyptian attempt to secure a bridgehead on Sinai, or air and rocket attacks on Israeli ports. Acts like these would not constitute a departure from the habitual forms of Arab warfare; no matter what propaganda or hysterical journalism might term them, they would still be static and sporadic outbursts, not war in the modern sense.

ONCE IT IS realized that of the two adversaries in the Middle-East conflict, only Israel can wage modern war, the question becomes: under what circumstances is it likely to do so? In the vast literature on the Middle East, there are as many different answers to this question as there have been wars and writers. But the theories tend to fall into two broad categories, depending on the degree of rationality imputed by any one writer to Israel's motives.

The most narrowly rationalistic of all theories, espoused by various leftist sources, regards Israel simply as a tool of the imperialist powers. Israel, according to this theory, makes war in accordance with the requirements of the designs of its masters against the progressive peoples of its area. A classic example of this theory is the official Yugoslav version of the Six-Day War, which is seen as the latest in a series of coordinated strikes by Western reactionaries against anti-imperialist forces (Greece, Ghana, Indonesia, etc.). The specific character of the role played by the Israelis varies in proportion to the proximity of a given writer to Jews. Thus, in the version published by an American Communist of Jewish descent, the Israelis are viewed with a certain degree of sympathy and understanding—their al-

leged masters emerging all the more sinister for that. In Soviet pronouncements, on the other hand, the Israelis sometimes appear more contemptible than their masters. The constant factor in all these interpretations, however, is the conspiratorial view of history.

The conspiratorial theory of the Left has its natural counterpart on the Right. Thus, Lt.-Gen. Sir John Bagot Glubb, former commander of the Arab Legion, has argued that the Soviets deliberately pushed the Arabs into their last defeat in order to tighten their grip on them more securely. The cast of characters in this particular plot corresponds fully with the author's known sympathies: the Arabs go scot-free; the Israelis are found to be only partly guilty; the wickedness of the Reds is triumphantly confirmed.

Arab versions of the conspiracy theory stress the sinister nature of the Israelis and invariably suggest that it is the Jewish tail that wags the dog of imperialism. Basic to all Arab analyses of the situation is the conviction that the Jews really run the world, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. The strength of this belief can scarcely be overrated. Perhaps the most memorable public enunciation of it occurred in the meeting in May 1948 between the Prime Minister of Egypt, Nokrashi Pasha, and Count Bernadotte of Sweden, United Nations Mediator for Palestine. Nokrashi avowed at that meeting that the Jews actually ran a large number of states, including Egypt, and suggested to Bernadotte that they might be running his own country as well.

The conspiracy theory draws particular strength from the literature dealing with the Sinai War of 1956. The understandable fascination of many writers with the secret French-Israeli collaboration has produced an extraordinary stress on the element of premeditation and little regard for the emotive, and even cognitive, components of the movement to war. The sterile conception of Israelis in this literature has effectively obstructed a clear understanding of one really significant factor in Israeli thinking: the hope that an Egyptian leadership in defeat would be more amenable to peace. In order to understand why this expectation was very much alive in 1956, one must look not to what certain statesmen may have said to each other in clandestine conferences, but to the old Zionist illusions about the nature of Arab hostility—illusions which few still share today.

Corollary to the conspiracy theory is the notion of Israel's expansionism. Some observers regard the history of war in the Middle East as a series of premeditated steps in the fulfillment of a grand Zionist design. (A map outlining this master plan is widely believed by Arabs to be on prominent display in Israel's Knesset building, and it is said to indicate an eventual empire reaching from the Nile to the Euphrates.) Others regard Israeli expansionism as a deeply irrational

compulsion driving the Jews instinctively to wars of aggression.

A thorough discussion of Israeli expansionism does not lie within the scope of this analysis. It should be sufficient to point out, however, that the real concern in Israel at present is not with more land, but with the Arabs who live in the land already in Israeli possession. The possibility of an Arab majority in the foreseeable future disheartens even those Israelis who favor retaining all the land gained in the June war. Recent public-opinion surveys disclose a substantial consensus in favor of giving up most of the captured territories in return for a contractual peace with the Arab states.

Finally, there is the belief that the Israelis are driven to war simply by their accursed nature. This may well be what most Arabs really believe, at least those not sufficiently sophisticated to follow the esoteric distinctions among Jews, Zionists, and Israelis. Regardless of what finer aspects of the long Jewish-Moslem symbiosis are known to scholars, Jews in the Arab folk tradition are universally regarded as a contemptible people. The extent to which religious contempt for Jews in Christendom generates a similar distrust of Israel in the West, is difficult to evaluate.

ALL THESE THEORIES have one thing in common: a fundamental ignorance of Jews and Judaism. Although they purport to explain Jewish behavior with regard to a matter of life and death, they are oblivious of the profound anxiety about sheer physical survival that forms such a large psychological component in the make-up of what is probably the most persecuted people in history. Victimization and slaughter have been an intrinsic part of Jewishness for too long to have been expunged by the recent fact of emancipation in the Western countries. It is unlikely that even sympathetic Gentiles really understand the terror, the pain, and the rage of a people so lately ravaged by the most monstrous massacre in human history. Is it surprising that the ignorant and the hostile miss the point as well?

This failure of empathy constitutes an object lesson in the sociology of knowledge, especially in Western societies with large Jewish minorities. While the Nazi Holocaust is almost generally "known" in these societies, the vast majority of people are merely baffled or nonplussed when Jews, as in the period just prior to the Six-Day War, become gripped by fears of catastrophe. Clearly an intellectual understanding of persecution does not stretch far enough to comprehend the impact of persecution on behavior—hence the repeated censures of Israeli reprisal raids even by friendly diplomats, who publicly demand that a people so long victimized be particularly tolerant and kind to others. The resentment occasioned in discussions of Palestine or

Germany by Jewish references to past persecution—references which are perceived by others as emotional blackmail—is another example of a cognitive failure to comprehend the roots of Jewish anxiety.

In Israel, the unusually high concentration of Jews with actual experiences of persecution has resulted in a heightened sensitivity to Jewish jeopardy in the population at large. The early settlers, from whose ranks come most Israeli political leaders, were men whose personalities were formed during the pogroms in Russia and Rumania in the early years of this century. Later immigrants included the largest number of Jews anywhere—with the possible exception of Soviet Jewry—who had personally experienced the Nazi nightmare. The Israeli environment is permeated with physical and spiritual commemorations to Jewish martyrdom, and even the younger generation of native-born Israelis, who used to be notorious for their “chip on the shoulder” attitude toward the Holocaust (an attitude that was itself probably a means of compensating for the unbearable thought of Jews being led to slaughter), have in the past few years become profoundly apprehensive about the possibility of genocide, even in the Holy Land.

Arab threats of annihilation, falling upon this collective anxiety, elicit unusually strong reactions, symptomized perhaps by the disproportion between some Israeli actions and what would appear to be the objective conditions of Arab military capacity. Real crises in the Middle East can occur when the mediating trauma of the past overwhelms the Israelis’ sense of reality; extreme ones, when they are driven, as in the prelude to the June war, to “relive” the Jews’ most terrible ordeal.

Indeed, an analysis of the crises of 1956 and 1967 discloses no simple escalation of the volume of violence into full-scale war, but rather a broader set of interactions, not exclusively between the two belligerents, and involving much more subtle forms of violence.

To begin with, Israel’s confinement within virtually indefensible territorial demarcations had not only reduced its capacity to tolerate provocation, but also dictated a “first-strike” strategy. Before the June war, the demarcation lines between Israel and her Arab neighbors were a spectacular example of the maximization of insecurity: they bounded a mere 8,000 square miles of territory with some 600 miles of land border, much of it facing higher ground; they placed the large mass of the country’s population within the range of enemy cannon, and a considerable proportion within simple rifle-shot range; they attached the northern and southern halves of the country to a “waist” only nine miles wide; they provided no depth anywhere either for retreat or for normal defensive maneuvers; in short, they virtually invited attack.

ALTHOUGH ISRAEL’S narrow territorial confinement was not entirely an involuntary matter (being consistent with the Zionist tenet, “good neighbors rather than good borders”), its effect was to draw heavily on the already meager psychological reserves of the population. The fact of confinement lent credence to the proposition that the state, in the words of General Dayan, was “living under the shadow of imminent destruction”—a proposition upon which Israeli military doctrine was in turn predicated. That the excessive vulnerability of the borders encouraged popular analogies with the exposed position of European Jewry in World War II, goes without saying.

Still, to initiate the dynamics of war in this setting, more was required than ordinary manifestations of Arab hostility. For Israelis have long since become inured to random violence, verbal or physical; it has in fact become part of their way of life. This is so much the case that they seem more capable of bearing the actual losses which violence incurs than the *thought* that the act goes unpunished. The government’s stern policy of reprisals serves to reassure Israelis that Jewish blood is no longer “cheap,” thus paradoxically facilitating their acquiescence in a situation of neither war nor peace. In each of the last two wars, what really got things moving was an extraordinary act of Arab brinkmanship that was intuitively recognized as critical by all concerned. In May 1967, for instance, the *Economist* had little doubt that, in his eviction of the UNEF from Sinai, Nasser was “at it again.” The last previous act of this kind, of course, was Nasser’s acquisition in 1956 of an unprecedented mass of Soviet arms.

The next phase in the precipitation of war has traditionally taken place not between Israel and the Arabs, but between Israel and the international community. Israel eagerly scans international reactions to the Arab challenge; expecting to find herself abandoned, she is seldom disappointed. The reasons for this are many, but two are basic: most powers, including friendly ones, will not view the Arab challenge from Israel’s particularly aggravating perspective, or, if they do, will not act forcefully against the Arabs. In the international community, the Arabs outweigh Israel consistently and overwhelmingly, in numbers, resources, and connections. The resulting bias is even more pronounced and systematic in the United Nations, where affiliations are made more publicly and more collectively than elsewhere. As for the great powers, support among them for Israel invariably is more contingent and more limited than support for the Arabs. Since close associations with Israel are most often regarded as a passing aberration, especially by the great powers, a premium is placed on clandestine relations, with the result that Israel is made to appear weaker diplomatically than she really is.

And even when aid is made available surreptitiously, it does not relieve the Israelis' sense of outrage but rather tends to confirm an already obvious truth: the world does not care about Jewish survival; it has acquiesced in genocide before, and will do so again.

As a reaction to the indifference of the world, Israelis tend to generate an immense solidarity and a grim determination to carry on at all cost. Under conditions of vulnerability and challenge, as in 1956 and 1967, an internal tension builds up that is particularly sensitive to extreme acts of provocation. In both 1956 and 1967 the actual military strike was preceded by ritualistic Arab military agreements, concluded with much fanfare and dire predictions of imminent catastrophe for the Jews. These extreme Arab steps—intended to symbolize the noose tightening around Israel's neck, and so regarded by most Israelis—were prompted in turn by the Arabs' reading of the international situation and the rising mood of nervousness and depression in Israel itself. It is easy to understand why the dominant feeling in Israel on the morrow of each victory was not jubilation, but relief.

IN THE LIGHT OF these observations, it should begin to appear pointless to be preoccupied with the danger of major war in the Middle East—the more so since, to repeat, war is already being waged by the Arabs to the best of their ability. Circumscribed not by a lack of arms or of international support, but by the intrinsic nature of their own society and culture, the Arabs have been able successfully to produce only various kinds of sporadic and static warfare: brigandage, marauding, sabotage, artillery barrages, rocket attacks, and the like. The suggestion that they refrain for whatever reason from waging a different kind of war is fatuous. Even supreme efforts on their part would produce only more of the same on a grander scale. Actions of this kind are bound to be abortive, and if the Soviet Union were to justify military intervention on the grounds of Arab failure to carry such actions out, it would only mean that the Russians are prepared to intervene on any pretext whatsoever.

The roots of Arab military incapacity reach more deeply than is generally assumed. "Catching up" with Israel is not just a matter of acquiring

technical skills, as the Arabs themselves generally suppose. On the contrary, so profound a transformation is necessary that, were it achieved, the resultant Arab society would probably no longer partake of the present obsession with Jewish statehood. Conversely, the necessary transformation may itself be delayed by this consuming concern.

In Israel, on the other hand, there exists a capacity for massive coordination of fire and movement. The circumstances under which Israel goes to war are neither random nor determined mainly by interaction with Arabs. To say this is to discount the popular belief in the danger of war arising through the sheer escalation of violence or through the ability of the Arabs alone to provoke Israel to war. The familiar description of the Middle East as being in an "explosive" situation because of Arab discontent is either meaningless or fallacious: meaningless if the danger refers to a war that is already being waged, fallacious if it refers to a war the Arabs cannot produce.

The conditions under which Israel has gone to war in the past were a convergence of indefensible borders, Arab brinkmanship, and international indifference. Perhaps the latter two factors may be replicated in the immediate future—the last one, certainly—but the first is now absent. The present cease-fire lines are shorter than the previous lines, but they enclose four times as much territory; they give unprecedented strategic depth to the Israelis, while placing large Arab centers in a jeopardy comparable with that of Jewish centers before the war. The Arabs now require the immense mobility of their enemy to reach those centers, while the Israelis can reach Arab centers in simple commando strikes. Under present circumstances, it seems fairly certain that Israeli reprisal action will continue to be more localized, more defensive, and more sporadic than previously—although Luxor and Beirut have shown that it can be stunning. Yet, while the new and unprecedented circumstances in the Middle East render major war less likely now than it was in the past, the threat of great-power intervention, designed to reinstate by coercion the situation which obtained before the last two wars, leaves Israel in as exposed a condition as she has ever had to sustain.



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Among the Aged

Dorothy Rabinowitz

THIS IS AN Institution for the Aged. This is where they come when the other alternatives of their lives become unbearable. This is their choice when isolation, an apparently pointless struggle for bare maintenance, renders private life so unbearable that the alternative—a bed in a corner of a room in an Institution for the Aged—seems suddenly a solace and a relief.

It is indeed a relief. The applicant is relieved of the claims of his life which become more—not less—of a tormenting burden as they are not met, as life does not yield to them: the claim to love (particularly from children) on the grounds that love has been given; the claim to reward, somehow, for all the suffering, the patience, with which one has outlasted life's losses and troubles. And finally, the claim to happiness after all. As these claims are not met, they are, at long last, bleakly surrendered, except in the case of the rare individual who has preserved autonomy—whose requisites for happiness are neither love nor rewards from sources outside himself. But unless disabled by illness, few such people ever make their way into a Home. For so necessary to happiness is their autonomous pursuit of life, that its surrender is unimaginable, even in the names of security and respite from physical danger.

When the new resident arrives at the Home, his relief is as real as it is temporary. Gone are the forays into danger, the daily fear of going out to shop in the old neighborhood, where he is likely to have been one of the few remaining whites in an all-black community, where his fears of mugging and robbery limited his trips outside his apartment for groceries and a newspaper to the morning hours, where he stayed closeted in his apartment after three or four in the afternoon. Ironically, the very ghetto neighbors who seem so threatening in number to the lone, aged alien in their midst, may be his only source of concerned relationship. Frequently, the first signs that something is amiss or that illness has struck, are perceived by neighbors who have kept a tacit, almost unconscious eye out for the old isolate living among them. When the family, several

communities removed, is finally aware that something is wrong, it is often discovered that these self-same neighbors have been tending to him, as a matter of course, for some time. It is also true, however, that the ghetto residents and their isolated neighbor tend to leave each other strictly alone, socially. But whether the bar is color, culture, or age, the lack of immediate friends or neighbors to talk with, to visit with, is the most bitter source of loneliness to the aged.

For those who have come not from isolated and fear-ridden situations but from stresses almost as unbearable, the first days at the Home also bring a long-awaited sense of relief. Often they have come from homes where they have lived in relative physical comfort with their children; where they have cooked and taken care of grandchildren—until the grandchildren became teenagers whose needs for rooms of their own rendered the presence of an elderly grandparent a problem in crowding.

Or it may be, and often is, the more subtly painful problem of the aged parent sharing the home of children who live in the suburbs, where the mean age of any neighbor for miles around is below forty-five. Loved and protected they may be, but their sense of difference and unrelatedness to all that surrounds them leads them to painful, if obscure, feelings of guilt, depression, anxiety, and resentment which are anything but obscure in their felt impact. ("Every time my daughter's neighbors came in, I had to be dressed. They had company all the time. I had to come in and say hello . . . maybe I wasn't saying it right . . . they were nice to me. I didn't feel right.")

They feel nothing less than that they do not belong to life. Certainly, they do not belong to the life around them, and that life is overwhelmingly present. It is in the society of young couples and teenagers and their friends that the psychic vistas of the aged shrink to—as they do indeed feel themselves to *be*—nothing, an unbearable quantity. Against this poignant transformation familial love, the efforts to include and to make comfortable the superfluous parent, can scarcely be successful; for if he *is* the superfluous parent, he feels it in his very soul. He decides that his is a malady which admits of no treatment but leaving—and thus an end is put, not to the fact of super-

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fluity, but to the unbearable consciousness of it.

WHEN THEY ARRIVE at the Home, it is with a strange feeling that they have been overdue here. Not only has the process of application and its concomitant delays kept the newcomer in a state of readiness and anxiety to begin his new life. When he enters, bag and baggage, the very state of the Home's preparedness for *him* comes sounding like a tocsin, clear and welcome. Everything that he has been told for months, that he has told himself, suddenly makes sense; he can see it, and now everything contributes to an initial view of this as the very place for him and others like him whom he suddenly sees in great, visible numbers. This specialness of design to one escaping a world whose dominant principle was apparently the opposite—to exclude and to ignore him—is cause enough for the heady feelings which characterize the first hours of the new arrival. *This* is, of course, where he belongs. They have been waiting for him, the roommates, the nurses, the social worker, the entire staff.

It is small wonder that all but a few of the new arrivals spend their first days in touching—if dazed—deference to all that is around them, to all who speak to them. Some wonder that they should ever have made their difficult way in the other world so long. And some reflect on the fact that they, of all people, should be here, in the kind of place they have looked on most of their lives (perhaps they were mistaken?), as a place for the unfortunate, for people who had nobody to want them—for others.

There is, first of all for the newcomer, the answer to his loneliness—contemporaries. If contemporaries had but half the significance attributed to them as a solution to the loneliness of the aged, the Home would be a gratifying answer indeed. The new resident is surrounded by them, roommates who take him through the first day, recreation rooms full of people all just like himself, in various stages of age and infirmity. Now he belongs to the society around him and overpoweringly he sees his relevance. Here are only the old, exclusively in a world made for the old—his new family, his claim to belonging, his relevance. Such relevance, though, as the months go on, may well make the newcomer reappraise the advantages of having an appropriate place in society. Was it not better to be alien and full of desire—even dreaming of connectedness, of the unanswered claims on life—than to be shown, daily, the relevance to that which he does not want: the exclusiveness, the unfortunate nature of, the infirmity of, age? “Maybe my body was old, but I thought like a young person. I liked to be with them. People thought I was twenty years younger. Now . . . here . . . when you’re with old people, you feel so old. Not in your bones only. In your mind. . . .”

One woman, a social worker, explained to me that she wanted her mother to enter the Home so that she could be with her peers, of whom she had few, living out in Queens in an apartment she had taken to be near her daughter. One knew, looking at the old woman, precisely how much peers would mean to her (particularly in the face of separation from her daughter and grandchildren).

How many peers would there be? Everyone around her—some 500—which is a very great number of peers to have, even if one knows one wants them. Her daughter explained: “She has no one of her own age to spend time with. What can she do with her time all day, rattling around in an apartment? When she had children, it was different. And I can’t spend so much time with her. I can’t imagine what she can find to do. . . . She doesn’t complain. All I know is, I can’t rest with her sitting there.”

I asked the old woman how she spent her days. She told me that she shopped, cleaned, and cooked a little, read the paper. In the evenings, she watched television or had coffee with couples on her floor. The ladies had a lot of card parties. Was she lonely? “Lonely?” she asked. Then, hesitantly, “Why should I be lonely? I have my daughter and my grandchildren right near me.” She looked at her daughter whose embattled face was showing signs of having been ready to speak for some time. “Mother, we’re here only to talk. I told you there would be no decisions today.” Turning to me, she continued: “And what if she gets sick? They get sick, you know that. I couldn’t run there all the time. A person *needs* somebody.” The old woman nodded.

After a pause, her daughter looked at me. “You look strange. Is this so strange to you—an enlightened person—that I should want my mother to have people to relate to, peers? She needs people to talk over her little aches and pains with, the weather, whatever they have on their minds.” “Look,” she continued firmly, “I have a peer group, you have a peer group. Why shouldn’t she have one? People are more comfortable with their own kind—is that such a strange idea?”

IN HIS FIRST DAYS, it is his new companions, the peers, who are likely to give the newcomer his first sense that he has entered no demi-paradise. No matter the state of buoyancy and relief the new arrival feels, it must soon be clear to him that he is surrounded by large numbers of obviously unhappy people whose causes for unhappiness, whether a roommate, noise at night, the food, or simply the fact that they are in this place, are constantly, often lyrically, proclaimed.

By the end of his first ten days—even if he has prepared himself to be the most assiduous non-listener—the newcomer cannot have failed to appreciate the message all about him: in this place *almost everyone* he meets is unhappy, is bitterly

resentful over the fate that has placed him here. While this is the first step in a descending morale, it is by no means the telling one. It is when the newcomer realizes that his bed, his corner of a room, his food, and this sad lot of strangers are all that are *ever* going to comprise his future, that the process of psychic shrinkage begins. Now, surrounded by people exactly like him, he can truly appreciate his limits and his future, as he never has before. ("We all know this is the last stop . . . that's why we're here. We're all together now. We should all be good and not fight with each other so much . . . but be friends and try . . . because you only leave here one way. It's the last thing.")

When the newcomer begins to share in the brooding and the complaints, it can at least be said that he has taken his place in this society, with its mode of diversionary wrangling and denial. There are those who never do. I remember one woman, Mrs. A, who wore on her face, from the day she entered to the end of the year I knew her, an expression which withheld such unutterable sadness that I was smitten each time I saw her. We came to know each other rather well, an intelligent woman who became quickly popular on her floor—helpful, concerned for her roommates, never engaged in any form of quarrel or complaint—and whose face I never saw without that look. It stated most persistently that which all her social accommodation belied: I am here, and I can never get used to it. The full consciousness of that face taking in the scene before her now was all the more smiting for its unwillingness to deliver any part of that grief. That never changed in all the time I knew her, but in her very bereavement, her preservation of the sense of loss, she preserved a kind of autonomy.

The scene which Mrs. A takes in is important, though perhaps not so much to her as to others. For with her own apartment gone, her sense of personal possession, of things consciously yielded forever, it does not really matter to her whether her new surroundings look better or worse than the place she left behind. But for others, those who come expecting to *live* in the new situation, physical matters are terribly important.

I KNEW one fastidious old gentleman with an ulcerated leg, Mr. L, whose general fragility made it unlikely that he could do with any but the heavy nursing care available on his floor. He surrounded himself with his newspapers and his magnifying glass. With a disarming smile, he tried to make civilized conversation with me about the school strike, or whatever else he happened to be reading about in the paper, amid the truly stupefying din of his roommates—one, a mentally retarded, distraught man given to rages and mutterings; another an erect catatonic who merely sat and stared at the ceiling; a third only moderately confused, but deaf, and given to shout-

ing his rage when he had soiled his bed, which was often. Normally, one could assume that these residents survived better each other's odors and disturbances the greater their degree of psychic blunting. For Mr. L, psychologically keen still, the opposite was true. He was always ready to talk, to read a post-card from his grandchild to me, to share the presents of cookies he received from his son. He told me one day that I must not eat them there, with him. The smell, he indicated with a wave of his wrist—to eat in such a place, for a girl.

It was a curious admission—his first—that there was anything at all unusual in the climate of his room. We might have been talking in his parlor when, during each of our previous visits, his most disturbed roommate plucked at my arm, shouting for attention, virtually throwing himself on us. Throughout, Mr. L steadfastly refused to acknowledge that we should be conscious of anything but the subject under discussion. When he waved me on, folding his newspaper, it was only after the shouting had made it impossible for us to hear. It is in this refusal to acknowledge the madness about him that Mr. L's relative survival can be explained. Except for the possibilities of my discomfort, he never referred to it (neither to me *nor* to his children, as I discovered). It seemed, suddenly, an astonishing social discipline. Still, it was true that my visits to that room were a social effort for him, to which *he* had always to rise, and I have no doubt he was relieved when I took myself and my cookies out of the room at last.

Mr. L is memorable precisely because of his uncommon capacity to survive a circumstance acknowledged to be both common and overwhelming in Homes and Hospitals for the Aged. Because they all require the same *degree* of nursing care, the mentally retarded, the senile, the demented, and the alert old man with the ulcerated leg live together. It is one of the well-known limitations of these places, and so it was not altogether surprising to me that the best that would be provided for Mr. L and his roommates was this poor haven of riotous upset.

NOR IS IT surprising in the light of the general myopia which besets families of the infirm aged. So burdened are they by the problem of what to *do*—fast—that the problem of what is the *matter* assumes proportions of less urgency, and less distinction—and the distinctions become fewer and fewer as they turn toward the Home as an answer. It is an article of faith with families that age brings with it all kinds of ailments: "Look, he's an old man. Everything is the matter when you get to be that age. He can't care for himself any longer and neither can we." The last part may well be true and the first is probably a necessary article of faith—it is so grimly held—but it is an insidiously mistaken one, whose victims all too soon act out its apparent truth.

If the entire problem was fatalistically packaged as age—bad legs, arthritis, forgetfulness, anxiety, cataracts, loneliness, diabetes, total withdrawal—and only to be *expected* (as amazingly uncritical and mystical a muddle as that seems), it should have come as no surprise when a family who had delivered its aged member to the Home with but *one* of these troubles, found in a short time that he had developed a great many more of them. They never did fail to be surprised and indignant: “How did the man degenerate so? Just degenerated . . . a nothing.” When all the powers that be have not offered the aged man the protections of distinction—neither his own family which has guided him (to use the gentlest possible word) to the Home, nor the Home itself—it would take a strong, sublimely centered, tenacious sensibility to withstand the fatal assumption that he was in line for *all* the troubles around him. Mr. L was of that special nature. One wondered, always, at the imaginative suspension that must have been necessary on visiting days, on the part of his sons, who were visibly devoted to him, far from poor—who had seriously to contemplate that this was where their father had been put to live, their best solution.

OF Mr. L and his roommates it might be said at least that these are the incapacitated. For them there is little or no choice. For the others there was surprisingly little thought about choice. I never met anyone who felt he had one. Since the assessment was always that there was no alternative, the best representation some could give was of being absolutely driven by a kind of free-floating fear, the most powerful of which was that of sudden illness or accident. The elderly have vivid pictures of themselves lying helpless for days in their apartments (unknown to anyone in the family) after they have fallen off a chair or tripped over a table leg. While it is not wildly improbable, one wondered at this widespread presentiment of *extreme* helplessness. It was among those most often mentioned to me by children as the reason for bringing their parents to the Home. (The social worker who wanted peers for her mother was considerably more inspired by this possibility than any psycho-social inequities in her mother's life.) One man, whose mother had been living contentedly in Washington Heights (in what both described as a warm, pleasant place, with nice neighbors), insistently outlined the possibilities if his mother were to fall. She would break a hip, if not both hips, and would lie there, unable to reach the telephone. She would lie there all day and all night. Though he called her daily, the accident might take place after calling hours. It was all perfectly clear to him—as it was clear to me that his contact with his mother might well consist of his calling her every day for years, to see if she had fallen yet.

I looked at his mother, a rather sprightly woman who had no difficulty whatever in walking and asked her why she was supposed to fall. She shrugged, smiled warmly at her son and said: “He worries a lot. He hears stories about people falling when they're old and when they break their hips. And I'm a little old, naturally, and I'm his mother . . . he's always worried about me.” Was this a reason to give up her apartment, which she liked? They both shrugged, the son said: “It's enough. It's not just that . . . I can't worry about her any more. . . . if something happens to her, I don't want to have to worry. She's had her own place all these years; it's time.”

Time for what? Clearly on the part of this son, an impropriety existed in the fact that his mother was not going to end her independent existence, was not going to *resolve* the progress of her life by settling it all somewhere at last, as she should. Frighteningly, she was not falling naturally away into the dimness, the slender materiality, of the very old, she was *there*—it was all still happening to her. This terror of no fixed, visible settlement is one of the subtlest and the most powerful of forces motivating children who, by their very discomfort, in whatever guise, edge their parents to the moment when they too decide—it's *time*.

The son has in his mother, of course, a willing subject. If he thinks about her falling night and day, then he must love her very much indeed. And besides, he probably must be right. She will give up her apartment. Whether the assessment is real, or the fears objective, the fact is that people enter the Home out of a complex of motivations all too frequently not their own. All too frequently, the children-authorities deliver their parents into the hands of an even greater authority, the Institution, with the standard complicity of parents who *would* rather lose their apartments, their familiar environs, their status as independent citizens—than lose the love and approval of their children who are all-powerful, married, and who do all the controlling.

I REMEMBER one woman, Mrs. R, who expressed this to me with the perfect clarity of her rage: “What am I doing here? Was I crazy? How could a son . . . I taught him and fed him and told him and ran after him with his school books . . . who wiped his nose? Now I have nothing to say? Nothing over him, over myself, over anybody else . . . now he's the whole boss.”

Mrs. R's son, an articulate, well-to-do attorney, was the boss, a fact which Mrs. R looked upon with as many parts indulgence as anger. Her son had heard of the Home through a variety of business connections, had heard of the marvelous activities, the progressive programs of handicrafts, entertainment, had thought of his mother, living in her Brooklyn apartment, and concluded: it's time.

Mrs. R, who had shopped, cleaned, cooked,

and, as she said, done everything for herself, really could not get over the fact that she was here, surrounded by all these "old people, these sick people." And though she never told her son just how wrong he was, she did not fail to say no to her existence here. To the much vaunted activities, to the weaving and the tatting, she said no. "Am I a child, I should play with clay?" To sewing: "I sewed enough in my life." To dramatics: "I'm an actress now?" To the entire, prestigious displays of the occupational therapy workshops and its hive of professionals, determined to inject creativity into every pastime of the elderly, she said no. In her words: "If they're fools, let them bother other fools. Don't bother me. After all, they're crazy people. Look what they put up there."

Mrs. R. was looking with particular clarity at a display of collages made of toilet-paper rolls. (It was a faith central to the heart of this department that one introduced Art to the elderly by having them act out the very latest swings in pop art.) She not only saw toilet-paper rolls, but *felt* the blatantly make-believe quality of all these creative activities. The attempt to inject creativity into every aspect of life here was chilling, not only because it was so ludicrous, but because it was such a poor substitute for that which could not, would not, be given—a generous, palpably true involvement with an aged man or woman.

Mrs. R. rejects. Mr. F rages, not alone because of the transparent falsity of any interest in *him* but because unlike Mrs. R he has all of his life been a creative man at work. He is proud of his profession as a hand-letterer and a sign-painter, a career he chose for himself when he was a boy of thirteen, prowling the streets of the lower East Side, newly arrived from Russia. He is particularly proud of the independent way he made it, throwing off, as he called it, "my yoke of apprenticeship" at fifteen. Hand-lettering and Indoor Neon Signs, My Specialty, reads his stationery, which he has kept with him in the Home. He is here, raging at "this den of malfeasance and malfunction" (as he calls it in his more tolerant moments) because his daughters do not want him around particularly, and there is, given a few poor choices, no place else for him. He has chronic phlebitis of the legs which does not, to him, sufficiently account for his presence here.

As Mr. F saw it, keeping himself occupied was *his* concern—a point of view the Institution had some difficulty assimilating—and so he took to his old craft, painting signs which were to be used in advertising Home activities, laboring long because it was his craft, his profession. This he did until he realized why "they" refused to permit him a special place to work—a quiet corner he chose for himself outside the art shop (the place for *activities*). In genuine confusion at having as one of their charges a man who still so seriously valued his work, they explained earnestly that he

could not be given special treatment, on the grounds that then everybody would demand a special place to pursue his skill. What skill? asked Mr. F. Can everybody paint signs? Further, he could not be paid even a symbolic pittance precisely because the signs were products of a more important symbolic intent. They were the products of a pastime, a creative activity of the Home, not of his work. Mr. F rages because the world is yet real to him in which it is understood that one is paid for one's work, and that one's work is not play.

The one creative enterprise Mr. F. joined in wholeheartedly was a drama production. This was run by a lady of infinite honesty, he thought. He perceived serious intention. Moreover, she was an actress and knew her craft. In this relationship, he engaged himself totally and the result was a remarkable performance of Sholem Aleichem's *Tevya*. The fidelity to true enterprise was visible to Mr. F in this lone instance of an honest talent, and he lived joyously in it for a time, rejecting all the more all the imitations frantically offered thereafter by the competing Creativity Therapists. He knew the difference, as he knew the difference between his signmaking and the hundreds of matings and weavings going on about him. For it was another article of faith dear to the Home that any individual achievement could be reproduced at will—in volume—if only someone had an idea.

ONLY WITH THIS remarkable gestalt in mind could one properly comprehend the nature of activities at the Home. While in London last summer, I chanced to visit a home for the aged in Battersea (one considerably less financially endowed than ours), and, impressed by the warmth, the home-like, un-institutional setting, I made a few random notes and sent them off to the director of our stateside Home. Somewhere in my notes was the observation that the residents of this English home enjoyed being taken to tea, once or twice a week—in groups of two or three friends—to nearby restaurants. They were taken by socially-minded ladies, the very sort the director would recognize as attached to his institution in a variety of charitable efforts.

I was astonished to discover on my return, a month and a half later, that this passing note had sparked a gigantic enterprise: there was to be a Tea Party. The residents were to be selected and bused out to Long Island to one of the private homes of the League Ladies (accompanied by the planners and one or two administrative public relations functionaries, and the medical corps), to attend one big tea party, an extravaganza that might have shamed Lewis Carroll.

Though I was told frequently that I had inspired this enterprise, it did not occur to me, dazzled as I was, to explain to these people the difference between their tea party and that of the

home in Battersea. One had only to look at the operatives running in satisfaction about the buses, bundling the residents on, to realize that there would not be a kernel of comprehension. Too much had been invested in the production of this novel idea, too many days of planning, the buses lumbering off with their awed charges to a Long Island drawing room (all recorded on camera by the film-maker the Home employed to immortalize such activities), for any suspicion that there was something very strange going on here in this imitation of the social life of the English.

One looked, when not to the aged themselves, to their nurses and their aides for some leverage in reality. One aide, witnessing the hair-tearing preparations worthy of a Broadway opening, told me, with characteristic, withheld irony, that it certainly was nice that these folks were going to a tea party, her glance telling me what every nurse and aide knew and frequently expressed: if these people were going to be delivered here by their families, to live in large numbers and in loneliness, their need for human talk ignored by the volcanoes of creativity—it was nice that someone took them out to a tea party once in a while.

Only the aides and the nurses, virtually all of whom were black or Puerto Rican, could comfort them when children did not come, could help them when they cried their psychic pain. Only they, of course, would concede that there was something to cry about. They knew their patients well and precisely because they had no aspirations other than to perform a job and to be paid for it, they were open to the human exchange so desperately desired by their patients.

They would, upon hearing the signal to activities, seriously urge their charges; "You heard, you've got to go downstairs. . . . they want you down there. Don't you want to go and make something? What about the beautiful rug you hooked last time. . . . Don't you want to make one for your daughter this time? You'll have something to show her Sunday. Sarah, you just can't sit here all day . . . it's no good for you." The aide tried. But she knew that Sarah did not want to go and make another hooked rug. And she could certainly just sit there all day, good for her or not. It was better to do that, to talk to someone—her aide perhaps—who was willing to accept her conversation and exchange it with a little of her own, without payment in productivity. The nurses, try though they might to get their charges down, buttoning and encouraging them, knew the nature of the apathy they were fighting, and its sources. And so, whether it was announced that there was a tea party, or that a group of rock-and-roll players had dropped by and that everyone was to come down, they never looked surprised.

IT HAD TO OCCUR to the residents at times that their closest friends were black, for these elderly could not be unaware of color in

this association. This did not mean that they had given up any of their biases, and there was no lack of explicit acknowledgment. One elderly woman became convinced, at the onset of a paranoid breakdown, that her long-time friend, a kindly male aide, carried about with him a box which was destroying her. Shortly after she was removed to the hospital, the aide was found, sobbing helplessly in a corner, surrounded by fellow workers who tried in vain to elicit the source of his grief. In a short while, they walked off, all smiling the same small smile, shaking their heads. One of them explained: "Can you imagine? She called him a nigger. *That's* what he's crying about." She sniffed derisively: "He's heard it before." Despite this, despite lifelong fears and antipathies, these elderly could not meaningfully connect color with their friends. If they had never known black people before, now their lives—their very emotional lives—were joined to them. Nor did they connect them with Black Power—*schwartzte macht*, as they called it—which frightened them so with its intimations of violence. But then, all movements of violence, revolutions, and eruptions in the world frightened them, feeling themselves to be, as they did, such constituents of helplessness.

The death of Martin Luther King affected them powerfully, as did, with a terrible grief, those of the Kennedys. There were hours of talk between the old and the nurses after the death of King. The sense of grief was powerful and unmistakable. One group turned away, for a moment, from the televised recordings of King's speeches, to listen to one of the aides recount her days in the Montgomery bus boycott. She sat, a large, sedate woman, recalling in a matter-of-fact voice that King was ruffled by nothing. She remembered how the bus driver would drive with them all day, with King and his group sitting wherever they wished. When they reached the end of the line and it was time for the return route, the driver would furiously demand another fare from all of them. She told them: "King would get up, as nice as you please, with this big smile, and say, 'I got it' and drop all that change in the driver's box. He did that slowly, you know. Just this smile."

From her listeners came the rumbles of delight, their deep-felt accord with this victory, this stylish defeat of stupidity. A man whispered: "He got them. He got them good." They turned to listen to King's voice coming out at them: "*I have a dream.*" (Long abiding hope, redemption, they knew all about that.) "*Mankind.*" He was talking straight to them; they recognized him—the hope, the imperishable eloquence, the *words*—his very aspiration spoke to them.

I walked away thinking that. That, and that this is where life had landed them—in this place, in someone else's miserly aspirations for them—among these keepers of a society which had imagined nothing better for them. That had to be true of their children as well.

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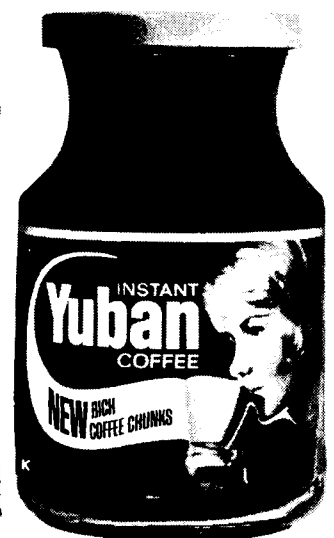
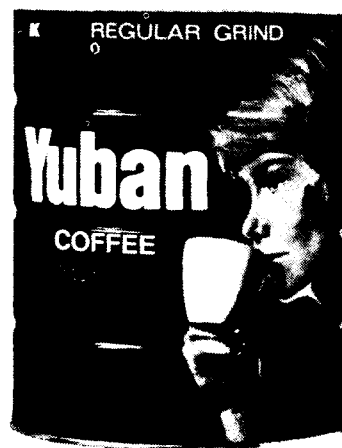
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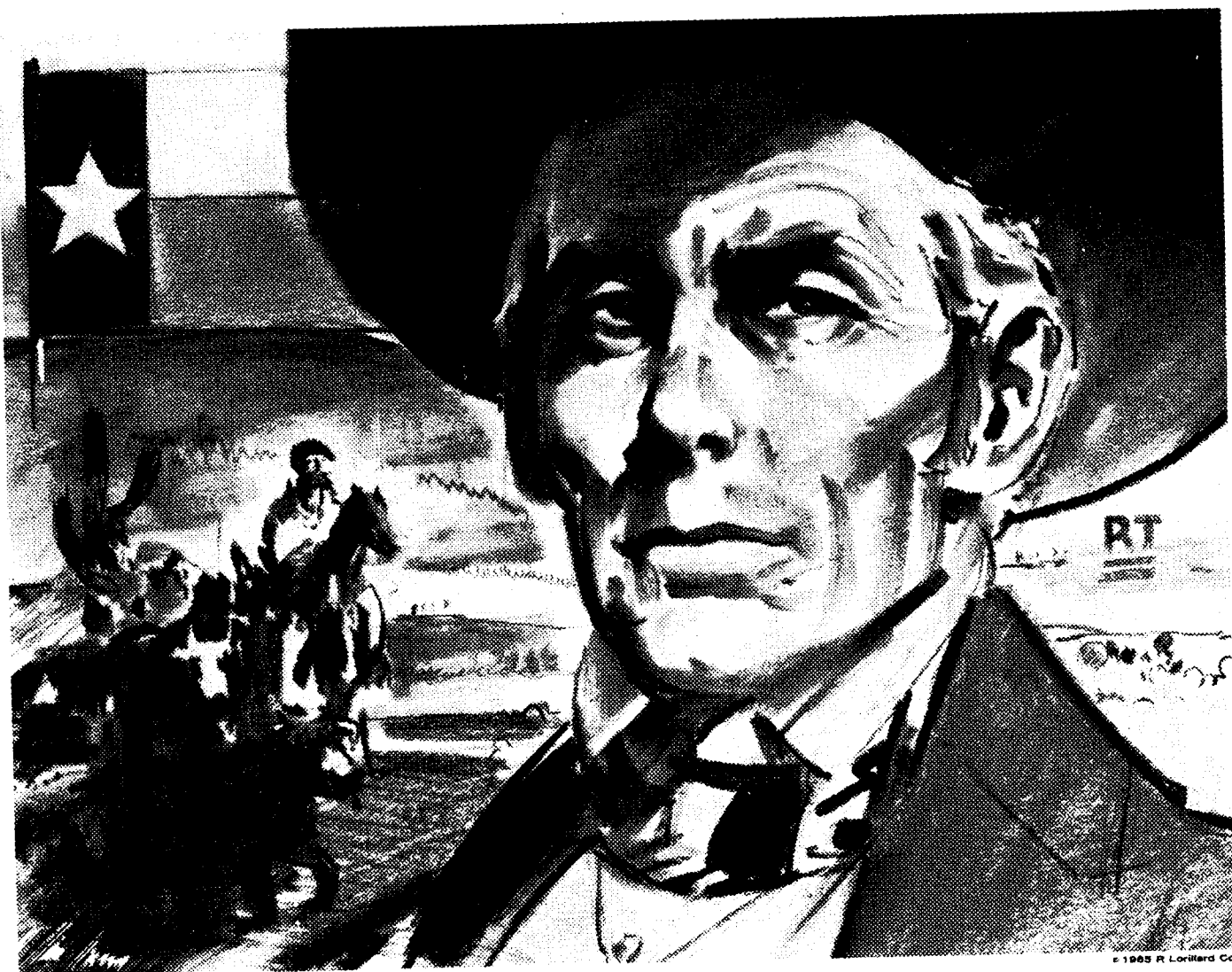


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Tex Castro

The lives of some individuals are like footnotes to history. Not themselves prime movers, they nevertheless exert a certain influence on the course of events. Such an individual was Henry Castro of Texas.

A native of France, Castro emigrated to the United States and became a citizen, at first residing in Rhode Island. But two years after Texas seceded from Mexico and set up an independent republic, Castro was asked by President Sam Houston to undertake a financial mission for the fledgling republic in France. Then, in 1842, Castro received a contract to establish a settlement west of the Medina River. He also served as Consul-General for Texas in France.

Castro formally dedicated his colony in 1844. The settlers unanimously voted

to call their town Castroville. Over a three-year period Castro ferried some 5,000 emigrants to Texas, providing them with food, farm implements, medicine, seed and livestock, at a cost to himself of more than \$150,000. Since the settlers came, in the main, from Alsace, even today Castroville resembles an Alsatian village.

Though there is little factual knowledge about Castro's origins, he is reputed to be a descendant of a noted Marrano family.

Henry Castro, founder of Quihi, Vandenberg and D'hanis as well as Castroville, died in Mexico at the age of 76. He is buried at the foot of the Sierra Madre. The State of Texas honored its adopted pioneer son in 1876 by calling one of its new counties by his name.



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Beneath the Moon

George Lichtheim

LONDON, JANUARY.—In these stirring days when (to crib from one of my contemporaries) we may expect that the strains of *I Love Lucy* will soon be beaming out over the craters of Earth's satellite, an air of anticlimax inevitably attaches itself to our sublunary affairs. While a moon-struck television audience of global proportions impatiently awaits the latest news from outer space, governments and other earth-bound authorities continue with their daily routine. Notes are exchanged, treaties ratified or kept in suspense, new presidents are sworn in, and old hatreds stirred up by rulers who have nothing more substantial to offer their people than memories of tribal massacres, and the promise of more to come.

An invasion from Mars or Venus would put an end to all this nonsense in twenty-four hours, with a World General Staff hastily improvised to meet the threat. But nothing so spectacular seems in the offing—just more pictures of Australia as seen from the space capsule, pious rhetoric from American astronauts, patriotic drivel from Soviet cosmonauts, and free-floating aspirin to ease everyone's headache on the return trip. "The astronauts see God and Walt Disney through the cabin window, the cosmonauts Lenin and the Central Committee," to quote that admirable columnist, Mr. Dennis Potter, in the London *Times*. A hint of sour grapes about that, perhaps: the British, and the other Europeans, would not mind taking part in the interstellar race, and they plainly envy the Big Two their current monopoly of the new game. And the Chinese? Notwithstanding Chairman Mao's well-publicized contempt for technology and his faith in the spirit that moveth mountains (or the Confucian analogue thereof), I suspect they are already weighing their chances of muscling in on the lunar preserve of their rivals.

If there is any feedback from this new kind of star-gazing onto our earthly affairs, it is unlikely in the short run to make for international harmony. The late Norbert Wiener, who is generally credited with the invention of cybernetics, thought that "modern communication, which forces us to adjudicate the international claims of different broadcasting systems and different airplane nets, has made the World State inevitable." What a hope! Physicists appear to be peculiarly

susceptible to this sort of determinism, a spiritual legacy of Auguste Comte. Just because the establishment of a single all-powerful controlling agency has become technically possible, Wellsian dreams run up against the determination of the great powers to carve out terrestrial and lunar spheres of influence, to employ an old-fashioned but still viable concept. Anyone who believes that moon travel will promote peace and goodwill on earth is fit to have his head examined, and not by a cyberneticist either. In the very long run something like Kipling's Aerial Board of Control may come into being (and woe to those who infringe its regulations), but world government by public-spirited technocrats is not for tomorrow. Science fiction is an escape from the reality of conflicting global aims. These quarrels may look parochial when viewed from the stellar orbit, but they are real enough to the participants. The magnitudinal shift affects in the first place the relationship between larger and smaller political units: those able to take part in the space race, and the remainder who are left behind. The great nautical discoveries around 1500 turned the Mediterranean into a backwater and the Italian city-state into an anachronism, but they likewise sharpened the rivalry between the new Atlantic claimants who were also the great European nation-states. Similarly, the Big Two (or Big Three) are certain to export their present antagonism into the new dimension of planetary travel and exploration, however senseless it may be to quarrel over the disposal of space.

An apparently serious author cited in the London *Times* of December 28, 1968, affirms with what seems to be an undertone of regret that "there is no chance of our turning the moon into a second earth." His griefstricken resignation is premature: the rival powers are quite capable of re-enacting their follies on that well-cratered satellite, so far as gravitational conditions will permit. But the immediate shock effect is experienced by all those secondary political systems that have dropped out of the race, or never had any hope of joining. They must discover new reasons for keeping up their self-respect and their claim to being taken seriously. For a start, they—or the more civilized among them—might decide to get out of the arms race and devote their ener-

gies to bettering the quality of life for their citizens.

II

LET IT BE supposed that in saying this one reports or reflects an attitude peculiar to Western Europe, let us hear Canada's new Prime Minister on a related topic. Speaking to an interviewer on the occasion of the recent Commonwealth Conference in London (see the *Listener* of January 9, 1969), Mr. Trudeau did not rule out the possibility of Canada "going neutralist" at some stage in the not so distant future. Needless to say he qualified his remarks in proper statesmanlike fashion. "As long as we are bound by NATO, we will stand by our engagement in NATO and the agreements to which we subscribe. But if after twenty years we decide, as the agreement permits, that we will give notice of withdrawal, we will give notice of withdrawal."

Well, twenty years is a long time and a lot can happen, but still it is an interesting hint. In the same interview Mr. Trudeau aligned himself with European sentiment on another issue by remarking casually that he was thinking of recognizing China. "We haven't yet indicated what conditions we would accept as part of that recognition: the question of Taiwan, in other words, has not been solved between Peking and Ottawa." It is one of Mr. Trudeau's engaging qualities that he is rarely more than one year behind enlightened opinion, whereas most of the politicians in Washington, irrespective of party, sound to us in Europe as though they were having trouble getting into the 20th century. In fairness it has to be added that in this they resemble their Russian opposite numbers.

This is just what makes these moon flights so pathetic. They are being sponsored by countries which combine a high degree of technical proficiency with an antiquated outlook on mundane matters of more immediate import to ordinary people. To hear Soviet spokesmen driveling about the specter of "revisionism" in Czechoslovakia, or American candidates for public office twaddling about the menace of "creeping socialism," is enough to make one wish to escape to some desert island.

Since I have mentioned the Commonwealth I might as well say more about this curious organization. Although frequently dismissed as the ghost of the British Empire sitting crowned upon the grave thereof, it is in fact more of a round-table affair, with several dozen participants (28 this year) assembling under nominal British chairmanship to ventilate their grievances. This time the topics were mostly racial and had to do with emigration from, or immigration into, diverse territories morally committed to some form of mutual aid. Thus, the governments of

Kenya and Uganda are intent upon "Africanizing" their economy. In practice this means forcing out some 300,000 resident Asians, mostly from India and Pakistan, many of them in possession of British passports issued to them in 1963, when the Macmillan government did not foresee that they might have to leave Africa and would try to settle in England. Since this is now happening on quite a large scale, Britain's immigration laws have hastily been amended, to the end of making it more difficult (although not impossible) for what are technically known as "Commonwealth immigrants" to enter the United Kingdom. In principle this applies to everyone, including Australians and New Zealanders. In practice it is meant to hold down the number of colored immigrants from Africa, the West Indies, and India itself, to what is regarded as a tolerable figure (about 50,000 per year at the moment, mostly dependents of earlier immigrants already settled in Britain and in possession of labor permits). Americans long familiar with this particular problem will not be surprised to hear that the matter is causing a lot of friction, both nationally and internationally. But the United States is not the center of a worldwide Commonwealth of recently emancipated states and nations, all armed with immigration laws of their own, while determined to unload unwanted minorities upon the Mother Country.

Much of the rhetoric expanded upon this topic is of truly breathtaking silliness. For example, one can hear it said by otherwise sane people that Britain owes its former colonies a moral obligation which can only be discharged by adopting the principle of completely free entry. When it is considered that the joint population of India and Pakistan is in excess of 500 million, one can easily see the potential consequences of this sort of logic. It would only need a famine to make millions of them stampede for the nearest exit, if one were available.

But at least the inhabitants of India and Pakistan are not British passport-holders; hence they have no legal claim. The Indian and Pakistani settlers in Africa are another story. On paper their problem looks quite manageable (on paper everything looks manageable). There are only a few hundred thousand of them, and no more than 120,000 took out British papers in the 1960's when they were given the choice of opting between British nationality and citizenship of the new African states. About half of these luckless passport-holders are in Kenya, the remainder in Uganda, Tanzania, Zambia, and Malawi: all independent now and extremely vocal about their sovereignty. Both on legal and on moral grounds the British government clearly has an obligation toward these people.

The trouble (as Messrs. Harold Wilson and James Callaghan told the assembled Asian and African statesmen) is that Britain has absorbed

750,000 colored immigrants over the past ten years, and the white working class is beginning to kick. Sounds familiar, doesn't it? So far there have been no riots, and the river Thames has been running with blood only in the overheated imagination of Mr. Enoch Powell. But although he has been sacked from the Opposition leadership and taken his seat among the Tory backbenchers, that does not make Mr. Powell less influential. In private, Labour Ministers acknowledge that on immigration he has the bulk of the country behind him. His main argument is simple: no one ever asked the British people whether they wanted a multi-racial society. The problem crept up on them unawares. The joke (if that is the word) is that Mr. Powell was himself a prominent member of the Conservative government which ran the country until 1964. It was only thereafter that he amended his *laissez-faire* principles. (He is still a doctrinaire market-economy man where the free movement of goods is concerned. People are another matter.)

What is Labour's position on the issue? What one might expect from a government and a party who are doing none too well in the opinion polls anyhow. The late Hugh Gaitskell, an estimable man and a doctrinaire liberal of a type now seldom encountered among the living, fought tooth and nail against the 1962 immigration law introduced by the Conservative government of the day which initiated the current practice of limiting the entry of Commonwealth immigrants. What he would have said of the far more drastic legislation rushed through both Houses of Parliament in 1968 by the Wilson government to stop the threatened avalanche from Africa and Asia, one can only try to imagine.

Gaitskell, born in India in 1906, the son of a British civil servant, was perhaps the last prominent representative in public life of the great liberal-imperialist tradition whose American counterpart one can now see emerging from among all those stern unbending critics of the Vietnam war who have taken an oath to atone for the sins of their country by being decent to the lesser breeds at home and abroad. It is always gratifying to watch earnest moralists flogging themselves into a penitential frame of mind which satisfies both their consciences and the long-term interests of their country. The Tories could never have held the British Empire together for as long as they did if they had not been helped out from time to time by the Gladstonian rhetoric of their Liberal rivals.

The great thing about liberalism is that it makes people feel noble and disinterested. It also causes them to adopt lofty standards of behavior when saddled with the unpleasant task of governing an unwanted empire. The British bureaucracy in imperial India was probably the most dedicated, virtuous, high-principled, and morally committed body of classically educated

snobs who ever misgoverned a sub-continent. That is what kept the show going for so long. If they had been the ruthless bullies and scoundrels their Indian nationalist opponents affected to see in them, the whole thing would have come to an end much sooner. There is no substitute for virtue, honor, and high-souled dedication to the stern task of ruling an ungrateful people, if you want your empire to leave a lasting trace. It is not for nothing that Pontius Pilate has virtually become a saint of the Roman Church. He was treated with respect even by the earliest Christian authors, and one can see why. He was a conscientious ruler and a gentleman—unlike those dreadful Jews who even then were causing so much bother to their imperial benefactors by their inconsiderate behavior: some of them Zealots (nationalists, that is), others affected by the new Messianic heresy and thus failing in their duty to the poor harassed imperial authorities who were only doing their best in a very sticky situation. British India was governed by Pilate's spiritual descendants (all solemnly professing evangelical Christianity), and if the American empire lasts long enough, it will unfailingly produce the same sort of upright, conscientious, slightly bewildered but thoroughly dedicated type of proconsul.

BUT I AM digressing. Let us return to the problems of the British Commonwealth. The press talks mostly about Rhodesia, but the real bother comes from the impact of Kenya Asians and other colored immigrants upon British public opinion, notably working-class and lower-middle-class opinion. To say that the electorate is sick and tired of the Commonwealth, and would like nothing better than to see it sink beneath the waves, is a feeble understatement. Outside Whitehall and Fleet Street hardly a soul cares about Rhodesia, Nigeria, the rights of Indian traders in Uganda, or the wrongs endured by disenfranchised blacks in South Africa.

There is nothing surprising about this. The electorate never cared two straws about the old Empire either. It was the public school (read: private school) elite who felt vaguely flattered at the notion of all those distant territories painted red on the map. Now that they have all become independent and are mostly republics which no longer even recognize the Queen as their nominal sovereign, the whole thing has become a bore so far as Mr. and Mrs. Average Briton are concerned.

This is not a serious argument, you say? The electorate is stupid and narrowminded? If the voters had the power they would abolish every scrap of progressive legislation, reintroduce child labor, torture, and witch-burning, expel all foreigners, forbid intermarriage, and in general take the country back to the 17th century? Yes, undoubtedly, but Britain is supposed to be a de-

mocracy. What do you do if 70 or 80 per cent of the voters are unenlightened, couldn't care less, and don't understand why their betters waste all that money and attention on a lot of ungrateful ex-colonials? Educate them? But most of them do read the papers or look at television, and what they see and hear confirms them in their reactionary prejudices.

For example, they are told that over a million people have died of starvation in Biafra because the Nigerian Federal government and the rebels can't come to terms. Or that India and Pakistan may once more go to war over Kashmir. Or that the African governments are kicking Indian immigrants out of their territories, and that India is reluctant to take them back. What are they to think? One hears it said that racial prejudice against colored immigrants is all the fault of Enoch Powell. Anyone who has ever spent ten minutes listening to the proverbial man in the pub knows that, by comparison with him, Mr. Powell—after all a former professor of Greek and a self-confessed lover of Indian culture—is a raging liberal. He wants to limit colored immigration still further and to “encourage” immigrants to go back to Jamaica or wherever they came from. The electorate would like nothing better than to expel the whole lot. The intellectuals denounce Powell as a fascist. The voters think he means well but is too sissified to do anything about it. The New Left says it is all a filthy capitalist maneuver to split the working class. The working class thinks the New Left ought to take a long jump off the ocean pier into the water.

Lest it be supposed that the New Left is unpopular with the more backward strata of the populace solely on account of its proverbial nobility of character and the impossibly high moral standards it sets itself, let me hasten to correct this misconception. The sad truth is that they are no better than the rest of us. The acid test once more is race relations. The New Left of course is against Powell: he is a Tory. But when President Obote of Uganda—one of the 28 participants at the 1969 Commonwealth conference—tells the press that the 40,000 Asians in his country will have to pack up because “we are not going to have a large body of foreigners controlling a vital aspect of our economy,” the New Left is strangely silent. Racial discrimination, it seems, is tolerable provided it is enforced by Africans against Asian traders (after all, they belong to the petty bourgeoisie, and we know what Mao Tse-tung thinks of such people).

Or take the bloodbath in Nigeria which has probably cost more lives than the war in Vietnam. Until it was rumored that China (as well as France) was for Biafra, not a squeak of protest against the British government's policy of arming the Lagos regime was to be heard from the Far Left. This can hardly have been due to the Moslem predominance on the Federal side, which pre-

sumably accounts for Egypt's active intervention (along with Russia and Britain) in bombing and starving the Biafrans. Everyone knows that the Federals' Soviet jets are flown by Egyptians. It was a fair guess that the Communist party would say nothing: its leaders are still sufficiently loyal to Moscow not to make needless trouble. It is also true that the Trotskyists (all six of them) have impartially damned both sides. But where was the New Left as such? Nowhere to be seen and heard. No protest marches. No demonstrations. Not even a flaming editorial in one of its countless news sheets. Now China's intervention seems to have made all the difference. Since Peking is for Biafra (because Moscow is backing Lagos), our Maoists and the rest of that loquacious crew are free to wax indignant about the sins of British-cum-Soviet imperialism. But not a minute earlier. This may be sound tactics, but where is the morality?

III

LET US NOW descend from the high moral plateau and take a look at the tableland where statesmen meet to exchange politely veiled insults and do a bit of horse-trading on the side. (If India will take most of those Kenya Asians, how much will the British government contribute to the cost of settling them in their land of birth?) Such bread-and-butter questions are neither moral nor immoral. They belong to the daily grind of politics, and one must be uncommonly remote from reality to feel superior to them. The impending exodus of practically all Asians from Kenya, Zambia, Uganda, and other African states, is a matter involving hundreds of thousands of people, and the question of accommodating them (the majority will in the end probably be admitted by India and Pakistan, even though they have British passports and might try to get on the British waiting list) is serious enough in all conscience. But it is not what a Commonwealth conference is primarily about, nor is it a matter of importance for Australia (which bars colored entrants), or Singapore (mainly Chinese and on strained terms with neighboring Malaysia).

What the rulers of these Far Eastern lands want to know is whether Britain can still be relied upon to make a contribution to what is euphemistically known as defense. If not, they will have to turn elsewhere: to the United States of course, but also to Japan. This issue is now out in the open, thanks to that hard-headed politician, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, Prime Minister of Singapore, Socialist (Fabian variety), and long-standing admirer of all things British. Mr. Lee Kuan Yew is rumored to have been briefly a Communist in his young days, but you would not notice it now. Anyway he has the Chinese virtues of realism and forthrightness when it comes to important mat-

ters: like, for instance, money. Addressing the Royal Commonwealth Society in London on the eve of the conference (see the *Times* of January 10), he gave a warning that unless Britain established a stronger economy, Singapore and other Commonwealth countries might have to look elsewhere. "If the soundness of her economy is not achieved, then Commonwealth members now linked with Britain, and through Britain to each other, will forge new links." This is what is known as plain speaking. "A more sober reassessment of the value of these ties is being made," he went on. "The danger is that by the time the realization sinks in, it may be too late, because Britain might have either dropped out of the 'top technological league' or, disgusted with the postures of Commonwealth members, allowed her special knowledge and expertise of empire to be lost." Don't say I didn't warn you.

It may be pertinent at this point to interpose a remark about the unpopularity of the Chinese in those Southeast Asian countries (Indonesia is a case in point) where historically they have played a role analogous to that of the Indians in Africa. This has nothing to do with politics. It goes back a long way before China turned Red, and anyway most of these Chinese emigrants are politically White. The simple fact is that the inhabitants of these Asian regions have long resented them on account of their superior efficiency. Professor P. T. Bauer, reviewing Gunnar Myrdal's recent mammoth study *Asian Drama: An Inquiry into the Poverty of Nations* in the London *Spectator* of January 10, asks plaintively: "Why should it be inequitable that the Chinese in Malaysia and Indonesia, or the Indians in Burma, or the Europeans in South Asia, should earn higher incomes than the indigenous populations when they work much harder, often face great hardships, and incur risks far from their countries of origin?" Professor Bauer is an old-fashioned liberal economist. As he sorrowfully points out, Myrdal in his book "himself notes the great poverty of Malay peasants in a country where there is abundant unused cultivable land." And so he does. The difference is that Myrdal has rather more political sense than Bauer.

Lee Kuan Yew, being a professional politician, is the possessor of a mind even more closely attuned to the intangibles of life. He knows perfectly well, for example, that no amount of economic reasoning is ever going to make the Singaporean Chinese popular with the peasants of Malaysia, which is why he has taken Singapore out of the Malaysian Federation and turned it into an independent political unit. Unlike the unfortunate Ibos in Biafra, he got away with it, Malaysia having no army to speak of and the British government preferring not to have Singapore bombed and its inhabitants starved or massacred. The Malaysian Federal government, after a verbal show of indignation, accepted the new

state of affairs. Its present view of the matter, it appears, is that control over the great naval base of Singapore should be a mixed affair, including Britain and Australia, "to ensure that Singapore could never let the base fall into the wrong hands" (the *Times*, January 10). Now whose hands can they be thinking of? Lee Kuan Yew is on record as having said that he won't let the Americans into Singapore at any price, although of course he may change his mind about that in the end. Japan is not in the running (as yet). This leaves Russia—and China, but Mao's prestige among the Chinese population of Singapore has recently taken a bad knock. Still, one can see that the Malaysian government has cause for worry.

THIS SORT of thing, believe it or not, is what Commonwealth conferences are mainly about. Of course it all ties up with the immigration problems mentioned earlier. For example, it is estimated that as many as one million Malaysians—that is, inhabitants of the Malaysian peninsula, which used to be a British colony but is now an independent member of the Commonwealth—have dual citizenship. As an extra complication, this citizenship provision is valid under British law, but not, it seems, under the legal system of the Malaysian Federation. From which it would appear to follow that these people could, in principle, claim entry into Britain if their own government allowed them to leave. Multiply this kind of problem 27 times and you can see why increasing numbers of British citizens are fed up with the Commonwealth. Or, if it helps to make things clearer, try to imagine what the American voter would think if the U.S. had 27 Puerto Ricos to look after (including Indonesia, Formosa, and South Vietnam) with some or all of their inhabitants by law entitled to emigrate to the U.S. whenever they felt like it.

One man who has no illusions on this topic (or has recently lost them) is Mr. Harold Wilson. From all accounts (see the *Times* and the *Guardian* of January 11) he told the assembled Prime Ministers that the use of military force against what is technically known as "the rebel Smith regime in Rhodesia" is out of the question. Most of us knew that three years ago, but some African statesmen have only just woken up to it. President Kaunda of Zambia is understood to have entered an eloquent plea for NIBMAR (No Independence Before Majority African Rule) and the dispatch of a British military force to unseat Mr. Smith. He ran into a stone wall, as anyone could have told him he would. NIBMAR is dead—it was one of those silly pledges that Mr. Wilson used to hand out to all comers before he awoke to the stark realities of life on this planet. As for using force against Smith, the thought was never entertained by anyone in authority. It is true that Rhodesia has only 200,000 white inhab-

itants, but South Africa has four million, armed to the teeth and ready to fight. South Africa also happens to be one of Britain's biggest customers, and the possessor of important naval and air bases which may come in handy whenever China gets really troublesome.

All this was forcefully pointed out by the Prime Minister of Australia and not contradicted in public by Mrs. Indira Gandhi, who spent some of her time arguing in private with the Pakistani delegation. Pakistan is a Moslem country and has a military dictatorship of a singularly unprogressive type, but nonetheless has been getting arms from China, for the simple reason that India gets arms from Russia, and there is nothing Mao won't do to embarrass the Russians and the Indians a bit. This is the shape of the real world. The New Left is lost in it, if only because its mental level is only very slightly above that of the Little Red Book. I refer of course to the British New Left, not to its American counterpart which from all accounts is extremely well-informed and sophisticated, almost up to the Parisian level.

One topic the Commonwealth conference was careful not to discuss was the civil war in Nigeria. Behind the scenes some Biafran delegates privately met British sympathizers, but officially the subject was taboo. The reason is simple: the Nigerians had made it clear that they would not allow any discussion of what they claimed was an internal problem, and they had the reluctant backing of most African delegates. They could also count on the not-so-reluctant backing of Whitehall, where officialdom has from the start favored the Federal side: partly from ingrained traditional sentiment (in practice the British Empire has largely been an Anglo-Moslem affair, which is why senior British officials generally prefer Pakistanis to Indians); in part from fear of antagonizing the Lagos regime and driving it into the Soviet camp, which already includes Nasser's Egypt, for reasons that have little to do with Arab "progressivism."

WHEN THE civil war started, the old Nigeria hands in London and Lagos promised their political superiors that it would be over soon. There would be a "quick kill," as one Labour Minister phrased it privately in an unguarded moment (he must have been re-reading Ernest Bevin's office memoranda of 1948 on Palestine). When the affair threatened to drag out and public opinion on the Continent—though not in Britain—awoke to the fact that mass murder was being perpetrated, the Wilson government was on the spot. De Gaulle in his eccentric fashion had started sending arms to Biafra at the very moment when he was turning his back (to put it mildly) on Israel. Arming Biafra hardly fitted his pro-Soviet orientation, but it was popular (most Biafrans are Christians) and it gave him a chance to annoy the British. There

are more Catholics than Jews in France, so the General for once was not risking trouble at home. The British government, on the other hand, could not well proclaim that it cared nothing for the mass slaughter of an African population. It therefore decided to keep quiet and pretend that nothing was happening. Unfortunately for poor Mr. Wilson, the Biafrans went on fighting longer than anyone had expected, and by early 1969 they were even beginning to get the edge militarily. The resulting dilemma was eloquently described by a special correspondent in the *Economist* of January 11:

While the scale of French assistance has been overestimated in London, on the other side the Biafrans believe that the chips are down with Britain once and for all. Colonel Ojukwu's slashing attack on Mr. Wilson in his New Year speech was based on information he had received of a meeting addressed by Major-General Harold Alexander [one of the British observers invited by the Federal side]. He had in any case thought for a long time that Mr. Wilson was personally interesting himself in preparing Nigeria for another massive attack, and that talk of Downing Street's interest in peace was window-dressing, though he was at pains to tell the Biafrans that the British parliament and people were not behind British Government policy.

This last, if true, testifies to an amiable illusion on Colonel Ojukwu's part. It is fair to say that most British people have come to regard the Nigerian slaughter and mass starvation as just another of those awful happenings one can't do anything about. In this instance they are mistaken, since their own government is largely responsible; but that is another story. What is certainly true is that Bevin's successors have miscalculated (an old habit with them) and that General Alexander seems to be no wiser than Sir John Glubb of Arab Legion fame. The Anglo-Moslem tie-up has misled Whitehall before and seems to be doing it again. The *Economist*, by the way, for all its humanitarian pathos, clearly favored the "quick kill" policy, and its editorialists have recently begun to extend the same treatment to Israel (such a nuisance to the oil companies, not to mention the closure of the Suez Canal). However, it looks as though Biafra will carry on with French help, and Israel without it. All very tiresome, but in this wretched world you can't always get the quick kills you want.

Still, one must be fair. Britain has been turning inward for some time, and this has had both positive and negative aspects. For example, people have been getting more concerned over questions such as housing, health, education, and the care of the aged and disabled: problems which in imperial days were systematically neglected because the ruling class had more important matters to attend to, and no one bothered to ask ordinary people what they wanted. Now change has come with a vengeance. The Empire is gone, the

country has become a democracy (more or less), Labour is in power, or anyway in office, the Tories put out lengthy statements about the vast amount of money spent under their rule on the social services, and promise to do even better next time. The media break their hearts over the plight of the homeless, and every sort of religious body fills the air with professions of deep concern over conditions in prisons, hospitals, and homes for the aged. "Alienation" has become a popular catchword. There is even talk, here and there among ultra-progressives, about the possibility of doing away with corporal punishment in schools, thereby bringing the country up to the level of the despised Continental Europeans. Not to mention the recent legalization of sexual license for consenting adults in private (official in France since Napoleon); the abolition of pre-censorship in the theater (thereby enabling German playwrights to make money out of rehashing old Goebbels tales about Churchill murdering Sikorski); and Anglican Bishops testifying to the ennobling nature of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

The trouble is that all these indisputable advances in civilization have been obtained at the cost of making the whole country talk about nothing else for years. The schoolboy who shocked Lord Caradon (British delegate to the United Nations, in case you had forgotten) by asking whether U Thant was a pop singer or a submarine got headlines in the papers. As a result, nine citizens out of ten felt obliged for a brief moment to try to remember who or what U Thant really was. By now, most of them have returned to more pressing matters. If there is a topic guaranteed to send the average inhabitant of the British Isles to sleep even faster than talk about the multi-racial Commonwealth, it is the peace-keeping role of the United Nations. I do not say this is a healthy attitude. I merely report its existence.

THE UNITED STATES, of course, is another matter. We are all curious to see what Mr. Nixon and his rather dull-sounding team are going to do about the mounting internal and external problems of their country (not counting planetary exploration, which is exciting, but really seems a bit of a distraction from the real world). The unofficial betting is that they will sit firmly on the lid for as long as possible, and that one day the lid will blow off, leaving a lot of people looking very sorry for themselves. Those of us (the great majority, of whatever political coloration) who never took all that advertising copy about the Great Society seriously, feel pleasant relief at the thought that at least there will be less hot air coming out of Washington.

For it is my sad duty to report that the noble rhetoric of the Kennedy-Johnson era fell on deaf and uncomprehending ears in the land of my adoption. The British are temperamentally disposed to believe that glowing promises of a better future are never likely to materialize. This skepticism has deep roots, going back perhaps as far as the failure of the Puritan experiment. But in its modern form the phenomenon seems to date from the "Land Fit for Heroes" which Lloyd George promised the returning soldiers in 1918, on the morrow of the First World War. It is true that the post-1945 Labour government did better: at least it tried to meet its modest prospectus. Unfortunately by then the country was in hock to the rest of the world, and ever since it has been too busy working off its debts to give thought to promises of Utopia. When you have to watch your trade balance and try to keep up with the Germans and the Japanese, you don't have much time left for anything else. This is what makes us all envy the Americans so much—they seem to have a surplus of energy at their disposal. It will be interesting to see how they spend it.

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NEW WINSTON SUPER KINGS!

A Memory of Mexico

Brian Glanville

THE Plaza de las Tres Culturas in Mexico City where, on the evening of October 2, 1968, some two hundred students, women, and adolescents were shot down by police and soldiers, lies at the end of the long Paseo de la Reforma, in the district of Tlatelolco. True to its name, the Plaza contains aspects of three different cultures. The earliest of the three is to be seen in the Aztec remains that rise out of a grassy area like whales out of the sea. The second takes the form of a Spanish colonial church, some four hundred years old, built, it appears, from the same rough stone as the Aztec remains, at once exotic and forbidding. It has been, at times, not only a church but a school for Indians (closed because it was teaching too successfully) and a prison.

Finally, there is the culture, if one may so call it, of today, the culture of the high-rise workers' apartments which soar above the plaza in shiny, mustard-yellow splendor. The Ministry of Foreign Relations, with its plenitude of glass, stands to one side of the Plaza; on the other side there is a school, occupied, last autumn, by the police.

It was to the Plaza de las Tres Culturas that I went the day I arrived in Mexico City from Buenos Aires to report on the Olympic games for the London *Sunday Times*. The *Sunday Times* had asked also for an account of the student disturbances, about which little had yet been published. On the overnight plane to Mexico City I had read in a cramped, ill-printed Buenos Aires newspaper that two people had been killed the day before, and that a protest meeting had been planned for Friday, the day of my arrival, in the Plaza de

las Tres Culturas. I knew too that tanks had recently been used, and I was aware of the possibility of violence, but it seemed remote and unreal, as life in a strange country often tends to seem. At any rate, I thought, nothing was likely to happen.

Nor did it. I reached the Plaza about an hour before the meeting was due to begin, and looked about for students. A little knot of youths was standing by a wall, poorly dressed, the kind who in Rome would be *ragazzi di vita*, corner boys. Yet when I spoke to them, they responded with an urgency that set them quite apart. After a minute or two, a tiny, dark, intense young man in glasses came up and, with the solemn pomposity of some minor functionary, asked to know who I was. I told him I wrote for an English newspaper. He demanded my identity card, then showed me his; he was a polytechnic student. All of them spoke bitterly.

"Look: *Granaderos* in the schools, students in the street."

"We're fighting for the poor people of the country."

In a conspiracy of whispers, pauses, glances around corners, three of them, led by the young student, took me upstairs into one of the apartment blocks. A thin, amiable young woman opened the front door of one of the apartments and shyly allowed us in. As we sat in the large, bare living room, talking, a mysterious and endless progression of other women passed quietly through, bent on obscure errands.

THE STUDENTS told me how the troubles had begun: not in the university, but in a dispute between two rival polytechnic schools. A third school had intervened to help the first, and had then been occupied, with obscene brutality, by the detested *Granaderos*, the blue-helmeted riot police. The polytechnic students now found themselves vigorously supported by the university students, though traditionally the two

bodies had been antipathetic. The police in turn called in the military, who blew down the door of one of the schools with a bazooka.

Things became more complicated when, on July 26, a student protest march merged, by sheer chance, with an annual Communist demonstration, leading to bloodletting, numerous deaths, and the military occupation of the university.

The young students with whom I was talking spoke continually of *agents provocateurs* and of the CIA. Agents of the CIA, they alleged, had stirred up the original fighting. But the Olympics, which were due to begin on October 1, would take place without interference. All the students wanted them, they insisted; they knew what efforts and sacrifices Mexicans had made, the prestige involved.

So we went, together, to the demonstration. It was perfectly peaceful. The student leaders, members of the strike council, stood on one of the long balconies. As orators, they were deafeningly inexpert, yelling into microphones as if their audience were on the other side of the immense square. They reiterated that there would be no interference with the Olympiad, they condemned the violence and corruption of the government, they insisted that they would go out proselytizing among the workers and peasants. The crowd, which had about it the simplicity and the spontaneity of the very poor, applauded each peroration. There must have been some four or five thousand people present, and when it began to rain, they took it stoically, continuing to smile and applaud. Among them moved a profusion of journalists, both European and American, some with notebooks, some snapping away with cameras. The only police to be seen were those occupying the school. The evening was altogether interesting but anticlimactic. Taking the smeared, poorly mimeographed pronouncements which were pushed into my hand, I left, vainly seeking a taxi.

BRIAN GLANVILLE's novel *The Olympian* will be published this spring by Coward-McCann.

By the following Wednesday, October 2, my attention had turned largely to the Olympics. I spent countless strange hours at that exotic zoo, the Olympic Village, which lay far out on the perimeter of the city near a wilderness of brightly painted shacks, in the lee of mountains and volcanoes. In that muscular Nirvana, pain was self-induced, time a matter for the stop watch. The city meanwhile appeared plainly to have become quieter. On Monday, there had been a silent parade of protest staged by mothers and sisters of the imprisoned students. Before it began, a busful of students arrived; they were applauded by the marchers, then exhorted by a stern young man who re-emphasized through a megaphone that this was to be a march of *silent* protest, through the city. The students could walk beside it, but they could not participate. Nor did they try to. The march was dignified and unmolested, and again there was no reason to suspect the violence that was brewing.

That Wednesday afternoon, I rode up from the Olympic Village in one of the myriad slow buses provided for the press, each driven bumpily the longest possible way round by an eccentric driver, a cowboy of the road. Beside me sat John Rodda, a correspondent for the Manchester *Guardian*. He was going to the Plaza de las Tres Culturas; there was another meeting. Was I coming, too? No, I said, there seemed no point. It was Wednesday, all had been quiet, and besides, I was working for a Sunday newspaper. So we left each other on the Reforma, outside the Hotel Maria Isabel, with its legions of sports journalists, while he sought a taxi to the meeting. By the following day, he'd be an English celebrity, his nerves in pieces after lying flat on the ground, a pistol barrel thrust to his head. Wednesday turned out to be not at all like Friday.

I MISSED it all; missed the helicopters with their green flares (which initiated the massacre), missed the press conference held in the middle of the night, the journalists hauled from their beds in the Maria Isabel by a guilty government,

to be fed silly lies. I'd intended, next day, to go with a photographer to Acapulco, where the yachts were gathering, but at 7:30 that morning a colleague of mine telephoned from the Maria Isabel: "All hell's broken loose. They killed twenty-five people in the Plaza Tres Culturas last night." The twenty-five would grow, on investigation, to a hundred, the hundred to two hundred.

My colleague had been to the press conference, had been one of those taken by bus to the Presidential Palace in the Zócalo, where the press attaché smoothly and flippantly announced that the death toll amounted to "seven to date, but without the precision of a sports report." The Italian journalist, Oriana Fallacci, who had been up on the balcony with the student leaders, was suffering from "a slight bullet scratch." In fact she'd been hit three times by bullet fragments, dragged down the stairs by her hair, had her watch and money stolen by soldiers, and was refused permission in the hospital to telephone the Italian Embassy because, she was told, she was *una detenida*: under arrest.

SO IT WAS NOT to Acapulco that I went that morning but back to Tlatelolco, where instead of yachts I saw tanks and a sea of broken glass, instead of sun, the malign scorch of a bazooka shell stretching three stories up to the top of the yellow apartment block. There were more than twenty light tanks in the Plaza de las Tres Culturas, God knows how many army trucks, how many *Granaderos* in their blue helmets. There were two of us, and with us our photographer, who took photographs steadily, without hindrance. Once, a housewife went up coily to a policeman and asked whether it was permitted to take pictures. "No," he said, but he did nothing to interfere.

A shot, only one, pinged and echoed across the square, and people ran into the shelter of the great, yellow block, while soldiers called to them, "Stay calm! Don't run!" In the place where I had previously found the polytechnic students, others were now gathered, wry and subdued. There'd been at least a hundred deaths,

they said. How did they know? "Because we saw the bodies."

The students said that the shots had followed the dropping of a green flare by one of the two helicopters (one helicopter was from the police, the other from the army). The first shots, they thought, had also come from the helicopters. Fire, they believed, had been returned from the ground by armed members of the Liberation Front for Latin America—a suggestion which lost credence the further one pursued it.

My colleagues and I left the Plaza and its vast occupying force, enough to crush a real revolution, let alone mop up a sniper or two. In the days following, the picture grew sharply and repellently clearer. We spoke to students, read the absurdly docile press—castrated by the government's total control of newsprint, which must be bought from a single agency—and spoke above all to the editor of *¿Por Qué?*, Mario Menendez Rodriguez. *¿Por Qué?* is virtually the one journal of opposition in Mexico, a radical weekly of which I had heard, from a taxi driver, within thirty minutes of my arrival in Mexico. The taxi driver had praised its honesty, and said what most people seemed to think: that the government should accept the students' demands for a public dialogue on their moderate program of demands. (Moderate indeed; the release of prisoners, the sacking of the chief of the *Granaderos* and police, the right of public meeting.)

WE FOUND Menendez in his office in the Calle Monterrey. "That's me, boy," he said, pudgy and massive in his shirt sleeves, walking with a strong man's roll, picking up telephones as though they were dumbbells. When he is not talking a good, sophisticated Spanish, he speaks a kind of agreeably dated American bop talk: "That's bull-shit, boy. That's a lot of shit, man." On the wall of his small office hangs the photograph of a healthy, distinguished gentleman: his grandfather, a crusading newspaper owner from the province of Yucatán, whose life was threatened and whose plant was destroyed on various occasions. Men-

endez's own life has been similarly threatened, his newsprint was withdrawn on specious grounds for a week after he'd published 300,000 copies of a gruesomely illustrated edition of the massacre, and he has been forced to move from one printing plant to another. Opening the left-hand drawer of his desk, he showed us a pistol, with three spare clips of ammunition: "I told them, 'If you get me, boys, I've got brothers.'" Recently, he said, they had tried to "get" him with a bus. Someone, as he crossed the street, had shouted a warning, and he had leaped on a Renault, just in time to avoid the hurtling bus which knocked down and killed the two men standing next to him.

We looked, too, at the Colegio de Mejico, an institution of higher learning, situated not far from *¿Por Qué?*, whose windows were dotted with bullet holes. Very early one September morning, gunmen, obviously professional, had raked the place with crossfire, using dumdum bullets. The Colegio regarded it as a warning, which makes sense.

THE MORE questions we asked, the more the horror grew. There *had* been snipers on the balcony, but they had almost certainly been government agents, responding to the green flare and giving an excuse for the troops, already surrounding the Plaza, to march in, shooting and bayoneting. Other agents, wearing white gloves on their left hands for identification, were interspersed among the crowd. A number of these invaded the balcony where the student leaders stood, arresting those who, like Oriana Fallacci, had not already been shot down.

When the count of bodies had reached almost seventy, each of them recovered by the Red and Green Cross ambulance, an order was issued by the head of the security forces to remove them from the square. From that point, the bodies were taken away by the military and allegedly burned, either at the little town of Cuernavaca or at Campo Militar Number One.

The reason—if reason is the correct word—for the massacre

seemed to lie in the vindictive character of President Diaz Ordaz. In the past, when dealing with the striking doctors, or again with the mayor of Mexico city, Ordaz had displayed a similar implacability. The defiance of the students, we heard, was something he had taken bitterly to heart, and the events of October 2 were meant to be seen as his revenge. A second explanation, that the country was on the brink of a military coup, that the generals had called the tune, turned out to have no basis, though it was probable that the generals were by no means averse to the massacre, and there are students who fear a coup when the President's four-year term of office expires.

WE DULY SENT our report to the *Sunday Times*, sent it cautiously via New York, in the hands of our photographer. The following week, an attempt to fly out photographs of the massacre resulted only in blank film arriving in London. Meanwhile, the three of us wondered anxiously what would happen when the article appeared. Stories were circulating of foreign correspondents being beaten up in the streets, of whisky being forced down their throats to make them appear drunk and disorderly; of others who were set upon in bars. So we skulked apprehensively around corners, flung open doors, and succumbed in general to the Bond syndrome, until it grew clear that all the government would do was squeal paranoically. Mexico, its spokesmen said, had been subjected to a worldwide campaign of calumny (Mexico!). And how unsporting it was of sports journalists, licensed to report on the Olympics, to concern themselves in the country's internal affairs.

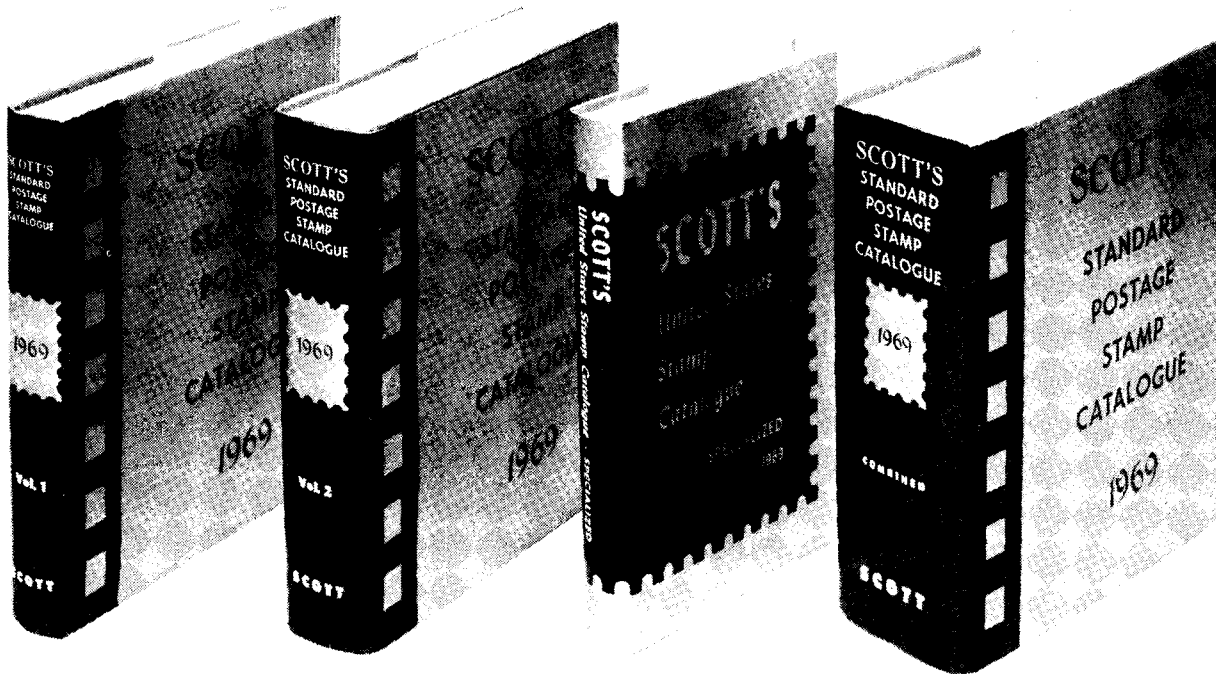
In the following week came the confessions. One student in particular, hitherto known as the most aggressive of all the leaders and suspected as an *agent provocateur*, sang loudly. He accused several members of ex-President Lopez Mateos's group, including a former provincial governor, as well as Mateos's private secretary, of supporting and fomenting the trouble. In time it was heard that

he, like the other students who confessed, had been beaten and tortured. Some had been placed in baths charged with electric current; one was allegedly tied four times to a post, blindfolded, and told he was going to be shot.

What distinguished and, at the same time, invalidated these confessions was—like the government's own pronouncements—their ingenuous silliness, their obvious smack of vendetta. But they presaged, once the Olympiad was over, the blowing of a cold wind, at the prospect of which many artists and intellectuals began to shiver.

AS FOR the Olympics themselves, there was of course some talk of putting them off, talk of danger to the athletes, but it was predictable they would go on, as they did. The executive of an American television company was heard to say that what worried him was his huge investment, that he thought the Mexican government would go to a thousand dead to preserve the games. In the Olympic Village, the athletes, who, some misguided humanitarians had feared, might actually identify with their slaughtered contemporaries, were sublimely and predictably indifferent. "You say it was a massacre," said a dour New Zealand field hockey player, "other people may say something else." An American oarsman lamented that the Establishment always got the blame. An English girl runner said, "Speaking on behalf of your ignorant athletes, I know sweet nothing about it."

Meanwhile, all over Mexico City, doves flew with bland irony across giant posters, shop windows, even on the uniforms of the police. *Todo es posible en la paz*, the billboards proclaimed, with a significance which had never been intended. The Partido Revolucionario Institucional, the creaking, swollen, obsolete, dictatorial party, no longer able to cope with the problems raised by the very progress of Mexico, had been left to brood, with malign unease, over a scene it could no longer understand, nor control by any means except the force of the frightened.



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School Politics

110 LIVINGSTON STREET: POLITICS AND BUREAUCRACY IN THE NEW YORK CITY SCHOOLS. By DAVID ROGERS. *Random House*. 584 pp. \$8.95.

Reviewed by NATHAN GLAZER

ONE CAN scarcely conceive of an issue more important to the future of the cities than the failure of the New York City Board of Education and the political structure of the City of New York to institute an effective desegregation of the city's schools during the 1960's. For this was a period in which the Board of Education was the strongest big-city school system in favor of desegregation, and in which New York not only had liberal mayors but was the one large city where liberal opinion was dominant in all the major policy-influencing institutions, as well as among the people of the city at large.

Nor is this subject only of academic interest: to understand failure in one major area of school reform may give us some insight into the agonizing struggle now being waged over decentralization in the New York City schools. Deeply concerned over the issue of desegregation in the New York City schools, I read this book closely and eagerly, with deep involvement and considerable sympathy. In the end, it is a peculiarly disappointing book, which for all its bulk gives little new insight into these complex and incredibly important issues, and confuses a lot of older and still relevant insights.

Let me summarize the argument. In chapter one Mr. Rogers asserts that desegregation in the New York City schools failed. He claims that school administrators, despite all their statements in favor of the program, were actually either against desegregation or not

sufficiently committed to it to overcome the opposition of deeply entrenched sections of their bureaucracy, in particular the principals but also various headquarters staffs. He writes, "The standard interpretation of [increasing segregation] is that it reflects a change in the city's population and the increased housing segregation." He makes no comment, however, as to whether this standard interpretation is correct, or whether there is indeed a pattern of increasing segregation in housing.

In chapter two Mr. Rogers does review the changes that have taken place in the city's demographic patterns, showing the steady increase in Negro and Puerto Rican population, and the even greater increase in Negro and Puerto Rican public-school population. Although there is little material here on housing, Mr. Rogers believes that real-estate interests have contributed to the perpetuation of segregated housing. Some of his assertions are not familiar to me from the literature on New York City housing. Thus: "Banks sometimes encourage large lower-class Negro families to move into white residential areas, after denying that opportunity to middle-class Negroes. They later make a big profit by buying out the remaining white residents at a depressed price. . . ." He feels too that the Board of Education likewise "contributed to the tipping of residential areas that had previously been integrated." It is hard to understand the specific example, involving the zoning of schools in mixed neighborhoods, which he gives in support of this view; on the face of it, it would seem contradictory to his main thesis—that the Board of Education, by *not* pressing hard for desegregation, kept Negroes in segregated schools. But the actions of the Board of Education—if they *were* designed to resist desegregation—should have *slowed* rather than contributed to the tipping process.

In chapter three Mr. Rogers

takes up the history of the neighborhood school movements (Parents and Taxpayers associations), which opposed desegregation measures. He himself favors the limited measures for integration which these groups opposed, and further argues for even more extensive measures of pupil redistribution: "There are many commentaries by urban planners and social scientists on the advantages of school consolidation in educational complexes and parks rather than neighborhood schools. . . ." (I for my part believe there is a much larger and more persuasive literature in favor of smaller rather than larger schools, as of small rather than very large hospitals, prisons, etc.)

Mr. Rogers writes perceptively, "One of the things that PAT followers . . . most resented was that the pairing [a program to bring whites to Negro schools, and vice versa] was pushed by a group that clearly intended to leave the neighborhood in the next few years. Neighborhood school advocates . . . resented the fact that upper-middle-class 'white liberals' had placed them on the firing line while sending their own children to private schools or while planning to move out." He quotes one PAT leader as saying the Board of Education could have gone further in desegregation if it had not been so secretive but had included parent and community groups in early discussions. Mr. Rogers feels at the same time that the Board should have vacillated less, should not have experimented, should have imposed large, system-wide changes. He sees no contradiction between the goal of greater and more extended community consultation, with white as well as black communities, and the carrying out of large-scale changes with a strong hand that is unswayed by community protest.

Mr. Rogers also writes in this chapter: "PAT leaders in many areas stated publicly that board officials were closing schools for the intellectually gifted, planning to

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bus white pupils in increasing numbers into predominantly Negro areas, and formulating a city-wide desegregation plan and a timetable for its implementation—none of which was true.” Yet civil-rights leaders were in fact pressing for all these things, and the Board of Education was committed to most of them. Would honest discussions with white neighborhood groups have prepared these groups for more extensive pairing, or simply aroused them to more intense opposition?

IN CHAPTER FOUR he describes the tactics and strategies of the civil-rights organizations, Negro, Puerto Rican, and white, grass-roots and national, in attempting to achieve integration through pressure and negotiation. While sympathetic to their efforts, he criticizes them for following a strategy of conflict, and for making impossibly high demands which frightened potential white allies.

In chapter five, he deals with the role of the “white liberals,” and in chapter six with that of the “moderates”—he includes the Jewish defense organizations in the first group, the PTA, NEA, UFT, and the New York *Post* and New York *Times* in the second. He points out that the Negro-Jewish conflict developing on many fronts hampered cooperation between these two groups and the civil-rights organizations, even though white liberals and moderates both supported some measures for desegregation. The liberals and moderates were also held back, Rogers suggests, by their (largely Jewish) constituencies, as well as by their own connections with the New York City school establishment; thus, they did not fight forcefully, effectively, or consistently enough for desegregation. In Mr. Rogers’s view, the strategic and tactical weakness of the largely black civil-rights groups was matched by the weakness of those liberals who formally and up to a point were allied with them.

In chapter seven he analyzes the role of the Board of Education and of the Superintendents of Schools (in particular John Theobald, Calvin Gross, and Bernard Donovan) during the period un-

der discussion. He emphasizes, as many observers have done, that the Board is too much involved in day-to-day policies, and that the Superintendent’s powers to act are too limited. Hence, neither could be effective in carrying out a program of desegregation, although Mr. Rogers also believes that neither was particularly interested.

CHAPTER EIGHT, on the professional bureaucracy, pursues this last theme through the rest of the school system, emphasizing the organizational pathology of the New York City school system. Teachers and principals are overcontrolled from the center; not only are they hampered in innovation, they cannot even get the materials and support they need to conduct education *without* innovation. But if the system as a whole is overcontrolled, the center itself is not really in control of the system; it does not know what is going on, it is paralyzed by ineffective means of evaluating school performance, by poor information from the field, and by poor controls over the field. The center is thus both too rigid—which prevents innovation—and too weak—which makes it impossible for decisions made by the center to flow down to the field. At the same time, the different units at the center do not cooperate. Mr. Rogers is aware that the budget-making process is of the greatest importance in evaluating the system, but he does not actually give much detailed attention to it. His argument concerning the budget is that the Board and Superintendent possess too much power in the moving of sums from one part of the budget to another without public hearings—in other words, they possess too much flexibility.

Chapter ten, on community relations, describes the frustration of local advisory school boards in trying to make an impact on the system as it affects their local schools.

Chapter eleven returns to headquarters and describes the use of consultants and expert opinion in the desegregation issue. The point is made that these were used but not taken seriously. They were used, that is, to disarm various proponents of desegregation by

demonstrating that the matter was being studied, but Mr. Rogers suggests there was no intention of actually putting these findings into practice—rather, they were part of the game of bureaucratic defense and evasion. Mr. Rogers does not himself evaluate in any detail the proposals made by these consultants, who tended to stress the development of educational parks.

Chapter twelve describes the relations of the school system with other agencies of city and state government—the City Commission on Human Rights, the City Planning Commission, the City Site Selection Board, the Council Against Poverty, the mayor, and state education officials. Here Mr. Rogers argues that the mayor should have more power over the Board of Education and specifically that the Board should be prevented from receiving its money in lump sums, with the consequent freedom to shift money without hearing or review from one program to another. He also argues that the Site Selection Board, which includes the five borough presidents, the director of the budget, the comptroller, the chairman of the City Planning Commission, and the commissioner of real estate, represents too many diverse interests to undertake coherent planning for given ends, such as school desegregation. He urges that other interests—particularly local citizen groups—be more strongly represented in site selection. How this would lead to coherent planning for an overall end such as desegregation, or to reducing the lengthy time taken by the present system of consultations to select sites, is not made clear.

IN THIS CHAPTER, Mr. Rogers chooses to devote most of his space to agencies that most observers agree are rather weak—the Human Rights Commission, the City Planning Commission, the Council on Poverty. In view of his main topic of concern, he would have done better to go into the relations which exist (if they do exist) between the Board of Education and the City Housing Authority. He contents himself with the general point that there should be more coordination—all in all a safe proposal, and one frequently ad-

vanced by all sides to any dispute. He fails, however, to analyze adequately the reasons why such coordination has not been effected, especially in an administration that has constantly spoken of the need for it.

In his final chapter, Mr. Rogers takes up alternative strategies for reform, emphasizing decentralization, the setting up of competing and alternative school systems, and metropolitanization (relating inner-city school systems to suburban school systems for the purpose of exchanging students and cooperating in other ways to overcome the deficiencies of inner-city schooling). He urges a new and larger political coalition to institute these strategies of reform, all of which have merit in his eyes.

I HAVE SUGGESTED in this account many things that are wrong with 110 Livingston Street, and others that are not. But what is basically wrong is that a number of huge and unresolved contradictions run through the entire work.

The first and major contradiction: the failure of desegregation is linked by Mr. Rogers in a direct causal relation to the inadequacy of the school system as a whole and in particular to the system's ineffectiveness as an institution to act in any direction for any reform.

Now, it is true in my opinion that desegregation failed, and it is also true that the New York City Board of Education is an outrageously inadequate organization when it comes to carrying out given assignments and adapting to changing realities. But I do not think that desegregation failed *because* the Board of Education was inadequate. There is a large middle term in the equation that Mr. Rogers persistently tries to ignore or to shove under the table. Yes, he will admit, the New York City school system has a majority of black and Puerto Rican children—but that shouldn't have prevented the success of desegregation. Yes, there was enormous resistance from white parents who feared for their children and developed a powerful political movement to oppose desegregation—but that resistance could have been overcome, according to Mr. Rogers, by



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effective strategies. In other words, as I have pointed out earlier, he seems to suggest *both* acting rapidly and decisively in the face of white opposition, and undertaking sustained efforts at gaining the cooperation of white neighborhood groups by discussing proposed desegregation measures in advance. He appears to be unaware that the two strategies are in conflict, and that he has contributed little by proposing both, while attacking New York City school officials for doing neither.

Similarly, Rogers will admit in passing that Negro and Puerto Rican parents also opposed measures of desegregation that involved sending their children long distances to other neighborhoods—but he proposes no strategy that the Board might have adopted to deal with this opposition. He will point out, all too casually, that principals resisted losing their better students to Open Enrollment (the chief desegregation program which permitted children to go to other schools)—but then ignores the question whether this resistance demonstrated opposition to desegregation as such, or a concern for better education in their own schools. Most of his discourse suggests the first, rather than the second, to be the case.

THE PROPOSITION that desegregation failed, then, and the proposition that the New York City school system is grossly inadequate and needs major and drastic reforms, are not really related in the way Mr. Rogers thinks. His own evidence—everything I have reported above is drawn from his book—would tend rather to suggest a middle term made up of such features as powerful demographic movements, the resistance of white and in some cases Puerto Rican and black parents to desegregation measures, and the effects of certain desegregation measures on educational processes. The complex and uncertain problem of determining whether desegregation could actually do something to improve school achievement, also to my mind played a major role in this story. For if the demographic and political forces opposing desegregation were as powerful as Mr.

Rogers shows them to be, then certainly administrators would have wanted to have powerful convictions that the great battles necessary to insure desegregation would achieve something. Here Mr. Rogers is more than casual. It is hardly permissible for a sociologist to say at this point, as he does, that "There is increasing evidence from the Coleman Report, the U.S. Civil Rights Commission Report, and studies of the effect of school desegregation in such communities as White Plains, Evanston, and Berkeley, confirming the argument that desegregated education does not necessarily hamper the achievement of white middle-class pupils and does substantially upgrade that of black pupils from the ghetto." The evidence is far more ambiguous than that, and in any case, most of it became available only after the high point of the controversy over school desegregation had been reached in New York City.

BUT THERE IS another distressing aspect to Mr. Rogers's book. Quite aside from the larger question that concerns Mr. Rogers, *why* desegregation failed, the reader is entitled to a clear and persuasive argument demonstrating that it *did* fail, and such an argument is conspicuously absent from Mr. Rogers's book. The major step taken to achieve desegregation in New York City was the Open Enrollment plan, under which some schools, predominantly Negro and Puerto Rican, were designated as "sending schools," and others, predominantly white and with available space, were designated as "receiving schools"; transportation was made available from one to the other for those children whose parents wished it. We are never given any clear statement as to how many children were eligible for this program, which grades these children were in, how many enrolled in the program, how long they stayed, how many children dropped out, to what extent the remaining white children in Negro-Puerto Rican schools took advantage of the program, etc., etc. Leaving aside a simple statistical account, we are given very little information as to how the program actu-

ally worked, and with what effects. Almost all of Mr. Rogers's quotations—which are his chief body of data—come from partisans of desegregation. It would have been interesting to parallel them with some accounts from school principals—*why* didn't they publicize the program, as Mr. Rogers's informants charge they did not? How did the program affect their schools? How did the children do? If the Board of Education's research branch was too weak to evaluate the program, or the Board of Education too timid to release the evaluations, at least Mr. Rogers himself might have resorted to his own research technique—interviews—to establish the full story. Here, as elsewhere in the book, one has only a shadowy sense of what really happened—one group of partisans is quoted at length, others hardly at all. And yet it would be interesting to know what those who were responsible for carrying out the program thought they were doing.

MR. ROGERS could have told us more if more of his interviews had been conducted with principals and school officials. But there were other techniques of analysis he could have drawn on as well. There are scarcely any statistics here on the distribution of children in the New York City public schools by race, by level of school, or by grade. There are no statistics as to the budget of the New York City school system, nor any breakdown of that budget. There is discussion as to whether more money or less money is being spent on children in slum schools and on predominantly Negro and Puerto Rican schools, but no figures are given. Martin Mayer is quoted from the *New York Times Magazine* to the effect that nothing can be derived from the mass of data kept by the Board of Education on the effects of open enrollment on academic achievement. But one would have expected a sociologist to follow up on this matter more intensively.

Many times Mr. Rogers goes into details of conflicts over the zoning of schools, yet there is not a single map or analysis of demographic data to help clarify these

conflicts. Indeed, his discussions of zoning are so confusing that the reader might justifiably conclude that the main interest of the school authorities was to maintain a level of integration that would keep some white children in the schools, rather than, as Mr. Rogers insists, one of confining Negro and Puerto Rican children to all-Negro and Puerto Rican schools. Vague assertions by one set of partisans are left to stand as proof that the Board of Education or its staff was dragging its heels or sabotaging integration. Perhaps so, in every case. But the evidence is almost consistently unsatisfying.

ON THE KEY ISSUE of the failure of integration, Mr. Rogers's off-hand way with statistics again makes it impossible to find out what truly happened. First he writes: "Fewer than 3 per cent of the pupils to whom the plan was applicable in the first years of its operation (1960-1964) actually transferred." Later: "By May 1966, the total number of pupil transfers under the plan was roughly 22,300—14,440 in elementary grades and 7,860 in the seventh grade." And he quotes Dr. Jacob Landers, who was in charge of integration activities, as saying, "the percentage of applications has consistently been below 5 per cent of the eligibles." Now these figures are absolutely mystifying. According to Sheldon and Glazier's *Pupils and Schools in New York City*, to which I resort in the absence of any figures in Mr. Rogers's book, there were 590,000 children in the New York City elementary schools in 1964-1965, and 210,000 in the junior high schools. About half were Negro and Puerto Rican, about half of these not in segregated schools. That would come to about 150,000 children in elementary segregated schools, 10 per cent of whom were taking advantage of Open Enrollment. (If we exclude first and second graders, who were probably not taking advantage of Open Enrollment in any large numbers, the figure would rise to 15 per cent.) There were perhaps 70,000 children altogether in the seventh grade, of whom, again by these calculations, 18,000 were Negro and Puerto Ri-

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can children in segregated schools. Mr. Rogers cites figures indicating that roughly 8,000 of these were taking advantage of Open Enrollment, or 44 per cent.

Just what was going on? What had failed? And how does one define success? To my mind, a program which involved more than 20,000 children, even in a system of 800,000 (only half of whom are Negro and Puerto Rican, and only half of these in segregated schools), is an enormous success—if, that is, we are to measure success by the numbers and proportions of children moved. The Open Enrollment plan came to an end recently. This is reported by Mr. Rogers almost in passing. Why? Did the children stop going? Did the parents lose interest? Did the militant groups begin to oppose it? In a 584-page book devoted to just this question, Mr. Rogers has nothing to say.

I HAVE suggested that other contradictions run through this book as well, and these are relevant to the troubled question of how we can reform the schools. Thus, Mr. Rogers believes in forceful administration. He believes that a powerful Superintendent or Board of Education (the two should not be in conflict), backed by a strong coalition of liberal and Negro forces, could have carried through successfully a far greater measure of desegregation than what was actually achieved. At the same time, he wants to limit the power of the Board and the Superintendent by giving a much larger voice to community forces on such questions as site selection and school programs. He believes that the present Board has been able to evade concerned community groups because it has apparently great power over its budget, which has shifted from a line to a lump-sum budget. Mr. Rogers seems to prefer a line budget, under the strong control of the Mayor. But he does not appear to realize that such an arrangement would in effect *reduce* the power of the Superintendent (which he wishes to increase), and at the same time limit the Superintendent's ability to act flexibly and responsively. Mr. Rogers is strongly committed to very large

educational complexes—he comments a number of times that schools of 1,800 are "too small" to carry out desegregation—but he also wants to see the people and the local communities consulted on matters of site location. The creation of large educational complexes would involve very large sites. Who is to be consulted on them? The people in the neighborhood affected by the complex? The people in the areas to be integrated? The people of the larger area that is to gain from a measure of integration?—in which case we might well get back to the borough level, and what happens to community consultation there?

Mr. Rogers would like to see closer coordination among agencies of city government, and presumably some cooperation with state and federal government. Yet he also complains that it takes too much time to institute and introduce programs and he must know that every new agency involved in the coordinating effort means an addition of time (unless the coordination is to be purely formal). Mr. Rogers feels that site-selection officials are evading the issue when they argue that by the time they try to build in an integrated area, the area itself has changed its demographic character. And yet the non-white and Puerto Rican school population is still increasing rapidly, consultation is time-consuming, and the matter cannot be settled by the simple assertion that we can have *both* speed and consultation.

I AM NOT arguing that these problems are insoluble. I am arguing that any solution, once it begins to be implemented, involves human and financial costs which prevent us from trying out another solution. If we want schools fast, the procedure of Superintendent Willis of Chicago is one way of getting them. If we want flexibility in administration, then we will have to limit community control and consultation. And so on. I have my own choices, and I don't know whether Mr. Rogers would agree with them. But in *110 Livingston Street* we do not have a closely reasoned, well-supported argument for any one particular course of

action—let us say, decentralization and community control, which I believe is the course Mr. Rogers would now opt for, and which I would choose too. In short, Mr. Rogers's book is an example of a genre that is all too common—one in which the complexity of social problems is downgraded in order to mount an indictment against special interests and an inflexible bureaucracy. New York City does have both these things, alas, and they render change enormously difficult. What we now need are better analyses of the problem than the one Mr. Rogers has provided, and better arguments for the kinds of programs we must try to work for and put into practice.

Sex & Sensibility

THINKING ABOUT WOMEN. By MARY ELLMANN. *Harcourt, Brace & World*. 229 pp. \$4.95.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH STEVENSON

MARY ELLMANN's book, *Thinking About Women*, is a diatribe against a stereotype. She is evidently subtly and humorously against all stereotypes and might have wittily written against the concept of *the Jew*, *the New Englander*, *the Negro*, *the Southerner*, but instead she chose to inveigh against *the woman*, or rather what various fine minds have written on the subject. The tone is light, a little selfconsciously clever, but with many good jibes and bright points made. How may one take hold of it? One wonders, in particular, how will the male reviewer take hold of this sticky, tricky subject. For with her female deadliness (there I go playing the game she derides), she has convicted him out of his own mouth ahead of time. But in this case, the reviewer comfortably at home with the writer in the family of woman's fate, finds herself in a

ELIZABETH STEVENSON, a new contributor, has written books on Henry James, Lafcadio Hearn, and Henry Adams. Her *Babbitts & Bohemians: The American 1920s* was recently published by Macmillan. Miss Stevenson is currently at work on a study of the life and times of Frederick Law Olmsted.

familiar battleground, recognizing the strategems, the few victories, and the many defeats of the scene.

Mary Ellmann begins with what she calls "the sexual analogy," by which she means the false sexual analogy. It has been, she says, a handy device used readily, even eagerly, to delimit woman's emotional and intellectual nature, for it has been assumed that her larger character somehow corresponds to her sexual character. The parallel assumption was that man's attainments (superior, of course) somehow comfortably corresponded to his own sexual nature.

It is a temptation to quote:

The same fixed mode of thought runs uninterruptedly beneath the seeming expansion of our modern intellectual opinions. For example, when Bruno Bettelheim characterizes the male mind as *expansive* and *exploratory* and the female mind as *interiorizing*, it is ludicrously clear that he envisages a mental copulation between the two. So too when Louis Auchincloss characterizes several American women novelists as *conservers* or *caretakers*. And when Norman Mailer pronounces that "Temples are for women." The female mind is repeatedly seen as an enclosed space in which what other and (as we always say) *seminal* minds have provided is stored away or tended or worshipped.

She then turns the tables, or at least turns things convincingly upside down in a most modern instance showing the nonsense of strict sexual parallels: the "astronaut's body [is] as awkward . . . as the body of a pregnant woman." "Like a woman being carted to a delivery room, the astronaut must sit (or lie) still, and go where he is sent. Even the nerve, the genuine courage it takes simply not to run away, is much the same in both situations—to say nothing of the shared sense of having gone too far to be able to change one's mind."

THE WRITER spares neither of her protagonists, the man who preens himself on the simple superiority of being male, or the woman who dramatizes herself simply as a

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woman. What she is against in either case is pomposity. She cites with wicked delight in having found an apt illustration Robert Lowell's fatuous praise of Marianne Moore: "She is the best woman poet in English." She is equally devastating about women congratulating themselves portentously on the creativity of giving birth: "They are, I think, slowly persuaded to befuddle the issue (in every sense) with creativity."

FOLLOWING "the sexual analogy," Miss Ellmann discusses what she calls "phallic criticism," the way men (mostly men) misread women's writing because they cannot think of women as anything but women. She puts it nicely: "With a kind of inverted fidelity, the discussion of women's books by men will arrive punctually at the point of preoccupation, which is the fact of femininity. Books by women are treated as though they themselves were women, and criticism embarks, at its happiest, upon an intellectual measuring of busts and hips."

The book continues with a section on "feminine stereotypes," as formlessness, passivity, instability, materiality, and spirituality, etc. etc., ending with two types she rather relishes as woman's revenge: "The Shrew and the Witch." Miss Ellmann shows how, as one century melts into another, the mode of feeling changes, and what was one generation's stereotype is rejected by the next, or passed rather freely back and forth among the sexes. She makes the point that the fashionable kind of American male protagonist of today's novels is no longer heroic but anti-heroic, no longer strong, but weak, in fact, rather congratulated by present-day criticism for feminine virtues, on being so feeling as to be unstable, so sensitive as to be rather a mess emotionally. She seems to be thinking of some of Saul Bellow's characters, who trample all the proprieties in their splendid abandon of uncontrolled emotion. She is witty here too: "Ours is preeminently a literature of disturbed men in mechanical motion (Chevrolets, Dodges and Volkswagens predominate)."

Her examples in fact are most

often taken not from life but from literature. *Thinking About Women* is a book of attitudes culled from the prose that literate men and women read and is, therefore, fashionable rather than profound. One might compare it with Octavio Paz's study of what it is to be Mexican in *The Labyrinth of Solitude*. In his narrowings of focus he closes in upon irreducible traits of character taken from life not literature, and so has spoken truth. Mary Ellmann merely hits a glancing blow in the direction of truth. She does not go beyond certain entertaining readings and glosses upon other writers who chime in with their delicious ineptitudes or consensuses. She might have, but did not, wonder at and make a study of woman as she converts herself into a stereotype to please or to suit herself to society. She does not take up the case of the writer of gifts, who is a woman, making first-rate literature out of woman's particular place in the social order: Charlotte Bronte, Jane Austen, Virginia Woolf, etc. This would be to walk beyond the boundaries of her agreeable study.

TOWARD THE END of the book there is a section of "responses," in which attitudes on the perpetual question beg to be cited from the reading the author has done. In this section literary criticism gets the better of social analysis, and her original subject gets lost in the very fineness of her attention to her examples. These are not simply men and women, but writers. The stereotype which Mary Ellmann has been dragging like a heavy and expensive piece of luggage on her trek through the wilds of modern literature is lost in the tall grass, and she reverts to being what she undoubtedly is by nature, a keen literary critic. For the stereotype, even when ridiculed, has ended at last in becoming a bore. That is what it is in life, even to its victims. Anyone who is a woman, especially one who reads or writes, is used to men's (or women's) printed prejudices. They are like a bad climate. But you go on living under that sun, for luckily there are other things: real love and hate, real men, real women.

Wise Guy

THE JOYS OF YIDDISH. By LEO ROSTEN. McGraw-Hill. 533 pp. \$10.00.

Reviewed by MORTIMER T. COHEN

AN ANONYMOUS student inscribes "Marcel Proust is a yenta" on a wall; a Pentagon official speaks of the "bagel strategy"; a writer for the London *Economist* captions a column on mortgage rates "Home Loan Hoo-Ha"; *Better Homes and Gardens* has a Christmas 1966 issue titled "The Season's Delightful Jewish Traditions and Foods"; *Fiddler on the Roof*, a musical comedy about life in a Jewish village in pre-World War I Galicia, is a resounding success; the London *Times Literary Supplement* contains the phrase, "Should, schmould, shouldn't schmouldn't"; and finally, the *Wall Street Journal* has a headline on the student disturbances: "Revolution, Shmevolution!"

What does it all mean—if anything? Mr. Leo Rosten submits: "We are witnessing a revolution in linguistic values." And, to clarify this "revolution," he has compiled *The Joys of Yiddish*, a lexicon of Yiddish words and phrases, which: "1) are already part of everyday English (*schmaltz*, *gonif*, *shlemiel*); 2) are rapidly becoming part of English (*chutzpa*, *megillah*, *shlep*, *yenta*); 3) should be part of our noble language, in my opinion, because no English words so exactly, subtly, pungently, or picturesquely convey their meaning (*shmoos*, *kvetch*, *shlimazl*, *tchotchke*, etc.)."

He begins with a list of English expressions which are translations from Yiddish:

Get lost.
You should live so long.
I need it like a hole in the head.
Who needs it.
Alright already.
It shouldn't happen to a dog.
He knows from nothing.
Do him something.
Excuse the expression.
On him it looks good.

Thirty-five years ago these were

MORTIMER T. COHEN, here making his first appearance in COMMENTARY, is a free-lance writer and critic.



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considered vulgarisms. The rule still holds. Did Rosten deliberately seek out the most taste-eroding and grubby idioms in the Yiddish language? It would seem so. His lexicon bears about as much relation to literary Yiddish as the *argot* of Les Halles to the language of Racine, Molière, and Voltaire. Yet this by itself would not mean that Rosten is wrong when he speaks of the great influence of Yiddish on American English; there is no linguistic law that the best and purest elements of a tongue be those adopted by other languages. Yiddishisms—particularly those included in *The Joys of Yiddish*—are, as Mr. Rosten says, in wide use throughout our land. But the reason is socio-economic, not linguistic. Just as the Chinese have concentrated in the low-cost retail laundry industry in the northern cities, Armenians in the Oriental rug trade, and Greeks in the inexpensive restaurants of the South, so the Jews have played a dominant role in the Hollywood-New York intellectual community. Now, of all the professions, entertainment and the arts are those which exert the greatest influence upon the language of a nation. If by some chance the Jews were active in carpentry, stone-cutting, or butter-and-eggs, they might well enjoy no less financial success, but the use of Yiddishisms would never have passed the narrow bounds of the shop-talk of these industries. Indeed, although Mr. Rosten argues a deep, nationwide role for the influence of Yiddish, it is a fact that in the South, the Midwest, the Far West, and in the American rural-agricultural community at large, despite the influence of joke-books, radio, movies, and TV, Yiddishisms are conspicuous by their absence.

BUT *The Joys of Yiddish* is more than a collocation of English words of Yiddish origin. Each of Rosten's entries is illustrated with at least one humorous anecdote, so that the whole amounts to an anthology of funny stories and jokes; it is here that Rosten's more serious failures of insight and understanding must be located.

Many of the stories collected in *The Joys of Yiddish* can be found

in Nathan Ausubel's *A Treasury of Jewish Folklore*, originally published in 1948, where they are told quietly and without the flourishing fanfare which typifies Rosten's work. No excess of energy, however, can conceal the fact that Rosten often does not understand the basis of the humor in the anecdotes he offers. His ignorance is apparent in the way he butchers them in the retelling.

An old Yiddish story, for example, describes a smalltown *shadchan* (marriage broker) who notices a well-dressed, Westernized Jew taking a train to the *shadchan's* village. The *shadchan* racks his brain as to the man's identity. He deducts, inducts, does mental arithmetic, balances probabilities, draws on his encyclopedic knowledge of the details of the social, economic, and romantic life of each villager, and finally, after tremendous cogitation, says, "Good day Mr. X. . . . I hope you enjoy your trip to Y. . . ." The stranger is astounded and says, "But how did you know my name?" The *shadchan* beams, "It was obvious."

The heart of the joke lies in the *shadchan's* social activity. In the pre-World War I southwestern Russian-Jewish community, the *shadchan* did not only arrange marriages. He was a real-estate agent, agricultural buyer, business broker, receiver of stolen goods, speculator, investor, banker, factor, legal solicitor. Therefore, when he says, "It was obvious," he means it. It was the very nature of his profession that made such identifications possible. The joke is more than a mere gag. It is an insight into the panorama of Jewish village life some half century ago.

Rosten's version takes place on a train to the Catskills. A businessman and a young gentleman exchange introductions; the businessman does some quick thinking, then says, "Congratulations on your engagement to Miss L. . . ." "But how did you know?" "Obvious!"

The social root of the humor has been excised in the retelling: the hero is no more than a clever individual who might have been a furrier, brick mason, or vegetable salesman. Thus, whereas the Yiddish version has "universality" pre-

cisely because it is grounded in social and cultural particulars, Rosten's story is merely funny.

THOUGH ROSTEN ignores or is unaware of the cultural context of the jokes he tells, he displays elsewhere a sensitivity to the American scene which betrays his particular social bias:

I once heard *shlump* from two Radcliffe girls, neither of whom knew a word of Yiddish; they also tossed off *shtuss* and *nudzh* as if chatting in classical Harvardese.

Here Rosten speaks of Harvard and Radcliffe with awe, and it is apparent that he wants the reader to feel that the Yiddish idiom is honored when used by two Radcliffe girls. This kind of reverse snobism, which is a form of masked contempt for one's own group, is also illustrated by the following joke, one which I find particularly obnoxious:

Mrs. Fishbein's phone rang. "Hul-lo," a cultivated voice intoned, "I'm telephoning to ask whether you and your husband can come to a tea for Lady Windermere . . ."

"Oy," cut in Mrs. Fishbein, "have you got a wrong number."

As in the anecdote about the two Radcliffe girls, comic relief is provided here by the invidious juxtaposition of an "inferior" idiom and culture to the "superior" culture of Lady Windermere—to my mind, an egregious example of spiritual self-immolation.

Rosten's own humor is, if anything, worse in its vapid tastelessness than his mangled recountings of old jokes:

If you have never tasted a bagel, I feel sorry for you. Bagels are known as doughnuts with a college education—and the college is probably Yeshiva.

There is no truth in the observation that after Robert Briscoe, a Jew, was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Irish began to see leprecohens.

One of the first puns I ever heard was this: "The rabbi gets the fees, but it's the *mohel* who gets all the tips." I puzzled over that one for years.

In these examples of his own impoverished wit, as in the stories he retells from older models, Rosten favors the Hollywood-TV punch-line method of storytelling in which a word or phrase ends the narration and provides the laugh. This device is the precise opposite of the narrative method employed by the giants of Yiddish humor of the 19th and 20th century. Sholem Aleichem, for example, of whom Rosten speaks with sincere reverence, far from writing jokes or "gags," extracted humor from the reactions of individuals, rooted in a particular social milieu, to their fellows and their environment. By turning the anecdotes of the *shtetl* into "gags," Rosten utterly destroys them, robbing them of both meaning and literary merit.

HERE if anywhere lies the reason for the intrinsic vulgarity of this work. By removing the social element—or ignoring it—Rosten has stripped his material of its uniqueness and transformed it into an insipid TV routine. The wit and humor of the Yiddish community, like that of all people, is nothing more—or less—than a comic insight into its social life. Lacking such insight, Rosten's stories are no more illustrative of East European Jews and their American descendants than they are of Armenians or Chinese.

The Joys of Yiddish—whether Rosten intended it or not—is a mirror of a segment of our society: the street-corner wise guys, the terribly tedious and unfunny MC's, and all those whose tastelessness and ignorance support the movies and TV. Those who think of these "colorful characters" as representative of Yiddish-American culture will approve and enjoy *The Joys of Yiddish*.

What the book unquestionably represents, however, in its mockery of the Yiddish-speaking population, is Rosten's own formula for commercial success, a formula he originally hit upon in 1937 with *The Education of Hyman Kaplan*. To be sure, *The Joys of Yiddish* might at first glance appear to constitute a refinement of the genre, what with its pompous overlay of scholarly apparatus, references to

professional journals, and the like. But the reader should not be fooled. Rosten is no linguist and does not claim to be one. Why then the scientific material if not to bedazzle? Rosten is listed as the holder of a Ph.D., but good taste, his book reminds us, has never been a requirement for the degree.

On Greece

A SHORT HISTORY OF MODERN GREECE. By C. M. WOODHOUSE. Praeger. 318 pp. \$6.50.

THE WEB OF MODERN GREEK POLITICS. By JANE CLARK CAREY AND ANDREW GALBRAITH CAREY. Columbia. 240 pp. \$6.95.

Reviewed by
MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM

MOST MAJOR developments in Greece in the last two decades have been significantly influenced by American policy. It is therefore unfortunate for the United States, and sometimes disastrous for Greece, that the American public remains largely uninformed on events in that country. For many years, no American newspaper has had a full-time correspondent stationed in Greece. In times of crisis large numbers of correspondents do, to be sure, arrive in Athens. But they seldom stay long enough even to make the necessary initial contacts; by the time they are ready to function effectively, they are directed to a new crisis area hundreds or thousands of miles away. (Nevertheless some correspondents, such as Richard Eder of the *New York Times*, have surmounted these difficulties and contributed substantially to American knowledge of Greece. But after they leave, Greek events revert to their normal shadowy estate for the American public.)

The information gap resulting from inadequate daily coverage could, to some extent, be filled by books; and there was reason to hope that the two volumes under review might add to the very small number

MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM served in Greece as foreign service staff officer in 1950-1951; he has since revisited the country several times as a correspondent.

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of good books on Greek affairs currently available. Colonel Christopher M. Woodhouse headed the British Military Mission in Greece during the war, and was correspondent there for the *London Times* in the immediate postwar period. He is also the author of three books on Greece: *Apple of Discord*, a valuable if necessarily partisan account of events in that period; *One Omen*, a book of short stories dealing with the same events and in some ways casting even more light on them; and a rather good history of the Greek War of Independence. And he is a former head of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. The Careys, although less intimately connected with Greek affairs, nevertheless have substantial qualifications. Mrs. Carey has been a consultant to the U.S. State Department and is a director of the Foreign Policy Association; she is also a director of Anatolia College in Salonika, while Mr. Carey is a trustee of the American Farm School.

Neither book, however, lives up to the hopes it raises—or, indeed, to its title. Woodhouse uses a third of his space on a dash through the history of the Byzantine Empire in which facts and often dubious interpretations presented as facts tumble out helter-skelter in an almost indistinguishable mass. A few pages would have sufficed to indicate the significance of Byzantium for contemporary Greece, chiefly the so-called “Great Idea” of bringing under Greek rule all the territories once held by the Byzantine Empire. The “Great Idea” poisoned Greece’s relations with her neighbors and diverted her attention from pressing internal needs throughout most of the 19th and 20th centuries. It also brought with it a legacy of problems including a tradition of excessive governmental centralization and a relation between church and state that has been deleterious to both.

THE SPACE THUS SAVED in this “short history” could have been profitably used in expanding the treatment of the 19th and 20th century background of contemporary Greece. (The entire period from the installation of the present dynasty in 1863 to the outbreak of

World War I receives only twenty-three pages; that from the establishment of the Metaxas dictatorship in 1936 to the end of the civil war in 1948 is treated in twenty-nine.) Sketchy as it is, however, Woodhouse’s treatment of this period is among the more useful parts of the book. Thus, after noting the success of Charilaos Trikoupi in forcing King George I to accept the principle that he had to name as Prime Minister the leader with the greatest parliamentary following, Woodhouse remarks: “So simple a principle seems hardly to need stating, but almost every dispute between the crown and the politicians in the last hundred years has originated from an attempt to disregard it.”

Woodhouse also comments, though inadequately, on the conflict between the artificial official language, the *katharevousa*, and the people’s language or *demotiki*. Although he describes the efforts to gain acceptance for the *demotiki* as “a revolution against this intellectual tyranny,” he does not discuss the actual political struggle over the use of *demotiki* in education in the last few decades. It is worth mentioning that one of George Papandreou’s major political assets is his outstanding role as a champion of the *demotiki*; the present military junta, in contrast, has taken up the cudgels—sometimes literally—in behalf of the most intransigent adherence to the *katharevousa*, even insisting on it as the language of instruction in all except the lowest grades.

Woodhouse’s assessment of Eleftherios Venizelos, Greece’s most important 20th-century statesman, is on the whole well-balanced. While praising Venizelos’s diplomatic skill, he also points out his limitations, assigning Venizelos his just share of blame for the disastrous war with Turkey in 1920-22. Woodhouse correctly notes as well that “Venizelos was unequipped by training or past experience to handle the domestic problems of Greece in the decade after the Treaty of Lausanne.” One may add that very few Greek political figures have ever been well-equipped to handle these matters; one of the great strengths of Andreas Papandreu, whom Woodhouse slides over as a “left-wing” influence on his father, lay precisely

in the fact that he did give promise of being able to cope with domestic problems.

Indeed, Woodhouse himself almost completely neglects Greece’s domestic problems; he fails to deal adequately with the development of the Greek labor movement, or even with the Greek Socialist and Communist movements prior to World War II. The “Communist danger” in Greece thus emerges full-fledged in this study—like Athena from the head of Zeus—during the resistance to the Nazi occupation. The truth is that while the Communists did indeed greatly expand their influence during that period, they already had a very substantial base on which to build.

IN TREATING EVENTS during and immediately after World War II, Woodhouse has the advantage—and sometimes perhaps the disadvantage—of having been a participant. He does not, however, always mention his own role; thus he fails to note that he was secretary-general of the Anglo-American observer team which gave its blessing to the 1946 elections. This is important, because his account—like the report of the Anglo-American team—is essentially a whitewash of the circumstances surrounding those elections. There is no mention of the rightist terror in the countryside, and to a lesser extent in the cities, which caused not only the Communists but much of the Center to boycott the elections. Woodhouse’s general treatment of this period loses much from compression; because of important omissions the impression it leaves is a far less accurate one than that given in *Apple of Discord*.

But the weakest part of the book is that dealing with events since the end of the civil war. One can only conclude that Colonel Woodhouse has failed to keep in close touch with Greek affairs since the end of his personal connection with them. For example, he says that Marshal Alexander Papagos resigned as Commander-in-Chief in May 1951 “sickened with the irresponsible confusion of party politics in a national crisis.” In fact, Papagos resigned after an unsuccessful attempt at a military coup—which he did not himself support—by a group of his followers in the army.

The treatment of economic and political developments after 1952 is similarly sketchy and sometimes misleading. No mention, for instance, is made of the fact that in the decade following 1952 about a fifth of the Greek workers took jobs in Northern Europe. This development was the key to Greece's "economic miracle," credit for which is so often assigned to the policies of the Papagos and Karamanlis governments. Woodhouse deserves credit, however, for recognizing that the "economic miracle" was not quite so miraculous. He writes: "The national economy still suffered from uncured weaknesses, chiefly the lack of indigenous facilities to exploit raw materials and the need to import a high proportion of the nation's food. Of the relatively backward industrial development, too high a proportion was still in the control of foreign capital." He also notes the unfavorable effect on the balance of payments of the end of American economic aid and the resumption of payment on Greece's foreign debt in 1962; this added significantly to the economic problems which the Papandreou government had to face when it took office at the end of 1963.

Finally, equally important omissions and errors crop up in the discussion of the most recent developments in Greece: the events leading up to the removal of the Papandreou government in 1965 and the subsequent military coup of April 21, 1967. Thus Woodhouse refers to the entrance into the Papandreou government of Elias Tsirimokos, "once a leader in EAM and now in EDA"; again, he says that Stephanos Stephanopoulos formed a government after the king's dismissal of Papandreou "with the help of Elias Tsirimokos from EDA." But Tsirimokos was never a member of EDA, the Communist-influenced leftist party, although like a number of other centrist politicians he had been elected on its ticket in 1958. He subsequently formed a separate parliamentary group, and was one of the founders of the Center Union in 1960.

Moreover, Woodhouse states that the king accepted Papandreou's dismissal of Defense Minister Garou-

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falias but was unwilling to appoint Papandreu in his place; in fact, the king refused to accept the dismissal. And he writes that Papandreu "offered his resignation in July," whereas actually—and this is a point of constitutional importance—Papandreu only *threatened* to offer it, whereupon the king promptly "accepted" it. In describing the 1967 coup Woodhouse does not mention the previous preparations for a "general's coup" in which the king *was* involved, and the postponement of which gave the colonels their chance.

Although generally not friendly to the dictators, Woodhouse writes: "It must be counted to their credit that an American corporation, which had broken off negotiations on a plan for the economic development of Crete and the Western Peloponnese in 1966, renewed and completed them in 1967; and the success was due to the fact that under the new regime no bribes were found necessary." Actually the contract, with Litton industries, had been dropped by the Stephanopoulos government in 1966 because it found that there was no chance of getting parliamentary approval for terms so unfavorable to Greece. The military junta, on the other hand, rushed to sign the agreement because it wanted to use it for public relations purposes; the junta hailed it—quite falsely—as a guarantee of \$800,000,000 in American investments. So far, investments under the contract have totalled about \$7,000,000—slightly more than the fees Greece has paid Litton. But the junta has perhaps not done so badly as the figures would indicate; Litton has used its vast resources to carry on an active public-relations campaign and to arrange political contacts for the Greek dictators.

IN SPITE OF such inaccuracies, some of Woodhouse's conclusions have validity. Thus he is almost certainly correct in writing that "crowned democracy" has "unmistakably had its day." And he raises serious questions as to the likelihood—or, from a Greek point of view—the desirability of a continued partnership with the West, suggesting that if the country could escape from its dependence on the United States, an orientation to-

ward its Balkan neighbors might make more sense.

In *The Web of Modern Greek Politics* the Careys have many intelligent things to say on the Greek economy and on Greek education, with both of which they have had some personal experience. But they are less successful when it comes to dealing with Greek politics. They make more or less serious factual errors in regard to several elections, as well as a number of other matters of historical importance. To cite just a few examples: It was not King George II's "inaction" in regard to the Metaxas dictatorship that was held against him, but the fact that he had installed it. The Communist party did not "usually" hold the balance of power when elections were held under proportional representation; the only time this happened was in 1935. Attributing 36 seats to the Liberals instead of the 56 they actually received in the 1950 elections, the Careys arrive at the conclusion that the Democratic Front, which the Communists supported, "emerged with the balance of power." This is simply not so; the three center parties had a substantial majority of parliament. Again, in dealing with the 1958 elections they get tripped up by the mysteries of arithmetic, writing that with "a 15 per cent increase in votes from the preceding election" the United Democratic Left "netted a gain in deputies amounting to 300 per cent." In fact, the increase from the 1952 election (not the "preceding" one, in which the party did not run separately) was 15 per cent of the total vote, or over 150 per cent of its own previous record. The 300 per cent gain in seats as compared to 1956 resulted, not from the peculiarities of the electoral system, but from the fact that in order to induce the center parties to enter a coalition in 1956, the United Democratic Left accepted an allotment of seats much smaller than what its popular vote would have entitled it to. There are also numerous errors in the account of the history of the Greek Communist party.

It is unfortunate that this is not a better book, because it seems to be a very well-motivated one, and where the Careys are writing on

matters with which they have first-hand experience it is a useful one. Perhaps some day the Careys will write a book on Greek education; it should be a good one. Greek politics, however, is not their field.

I HAVE concentrated in this review on pointing out errors and omissions—some major, some minor—in these two works because the reader with little or no knowledge of modern Greece might be easily misled by the titles and the authors' credentials into expecting them to be useful guides to the history and politics of modern Greece. They are not. Unless better books come along, we will undoubtedly have to wait for another crisis to find out what is happening in Greece.

Hippiedom

NOTES FROM THE NEW UNDERGROUND: AN ANTHOLOGY. Edited by JESSE KORNBLUTH. Viking Press. 302 pp. \$7.50.

Reviewed by WALTER GOODMAN

THE NEWS from the New Underground is this: Square America drinks too much and fornicates too little. We are hung up and strung out. We are hypocrites about our professed values and we exploit our fellows. We make war.

The source of this indictment is the Underground Press, which can be found in New York (*East Village Other*, New York Free Press, Rat), California (Berkeley Barb, San Francisco Oracle, Los Angeles Free Press), and a few other dropped-out-tuned-in-turned-on centers. Although *Notes from the New Underground*, put together by Jesse Kornbluth, Harvard '68, contains a leavening of Paul Goodman from *Ramparts* and Richard Poirier's tribute to the Beatles from *Partisan Review* as well as a few pieces from the *Village Voice* and *Evergreen Review*, the book is mainly given over to the real thing. It thus represents a service to those of us on the outside who have wanted to know what the Underground papers are all about but have had trouble mastering their graphics.

WALTER GOODMAN's review of Kenneth Keniston's *Young Radicals* appeared in our September 1968 issue.

The present collection indicates that they are mainly about their graphics. The Underground writers have a way of setting down whatever pops into their heads, a technique that would work better if anything much were popping there. Their exulting over the joys of turning on, for example, is more than sufficient to turn one off. LSD, one man notifies us, "can break old habits, especially 'possession syndrome' left over from the old environment of ideologies, and integrate them into a superior political situation where people recognize allegiance to a power higher than their own or Caesar's and not one of improving their own personal power." Style being an ornament of the middle class, the sentences are helter-skelter, leaving an impression that the writers were impatient to get back to their real business of not writing. The fashion in hip circles seems to be toward brief paragraphs, unusual arrangements of type, and a refusal to discriminate against italics and capital letters. The last are used mainly to give a boost to harmless sentiments that the reader's eye might otherwise forgo. Here, from a poem by Michael McClure:

I AM INNOCENT AND FREE!
 I AM A MAMMAL!
 I AM A WARM BLOODED SENSORY
 CREATURE CAPABLE OF LOVE AND
 HATE AND ACTION AND INACTION!
 CAPABLE OF GUILT AND
 CAPABLE OF SPEECH AND STRIVING!

IN A LOOSE way, this collection chronicles the rise and fall of hippiedom, which seems to have reached its critical phase in the summer of 1967, when the lunacy and violence that always played about the movement took over. Beginning at an exhilarating high point of Love and Freedom—free stores, free pads, freedom of dress and hairdo, and free love—the whole thing collapsed in sordid exploitation of the Love Children by square society and, more painfully, by hippiebums. Just as the residents of Resurrection City had to suffer both the gawking of white tourists and the thieving, beatings, and rapes of tough big-city blacks, so the hippies found themselves first on-camera and then victims of

predators attracted by their celebrated vulnerability. All those experience-seeking girls away from home were just too tempting. As for the cameras, when they rolled off to more faddish scenes, they drained away a kind of excitement that the media-hipped young, so desperate to be *in*, needed if they were to carry on.

But even if the hippies—most of them in Haight-Ashbury or the East Village on a brief spree away from home—had been spared the attentions of rapists, magazine writers, and the fuzz, it is difficult to see how they could have lasted more than a season or two. They rejected this society only to make a cult of one of its shoddiest promises—instant satisfaction. The drugs which magically opened the doors of perception; the quick-frozen Zen; the zany slogans about revolution—all promised fast delivery on easy terms. The quest for spontaneity seemed to rule out even moderate discipline, and sustained mental effort was set aside as an affront to the free spirit. The rebels were thus rebelling against their own potentialities in much the same way as those despised elders who give themselves to the corporation. It is an expensive solution to life, a bankrupting one.

IF THE hippie phenomenon is seen as the latest engagement in the ongoing war between the generations, then it must be rated a great success for the young. Never have the forms of youthful rebellion been so effectively flaunted or so exquisitely designed to cause distress to the old folks. In response to parental concern for clear sexual roles, the hippie girls wore pants and the hippie boys let their hair grow and decked themselves out in beads. In response to the American concern for health and cleanliness, they painted their bodies with Day-Glo, took to drugs, and lived in filth. In response to the pride of their emancipated parents in religious enlightenment, they turned to Zen. In response to middle-class cultural aspirations, they went mad over rock: one fellow reports that rock is "a regenerative and revolutionary art, offering us our first real hope for the future (indeed for the present)

since August 6, 1945." In response to upward-bound careerism, they left school, and in response to the lure of public recognition, they turned inward. Quite enough here to give a parent heartburn and cause a cop to grip his nightstick a little tighter and look for an excuse to slug the dirty little things.

The longest item in this book is a tape-recorded conversation among four intellectual and spiritual eminences of the hip world: Allen Ginsberg, poet-guru; Timothy Leary, LSD-meister and entrepreneur of psychedelica; Gary Snyder, Zen poet; and Alan Watts, Zen existentialist. Though they differ considerably in manner, emphasis, and intelligence, they agree that the hippie life into which they have helped to draw some thousands of young people (a responsibility that does not seem to weigh very heavily upon them) is to be understood as a rebellion against neckties, IBM, and all the rest of it. The hippie view of America is severely skewed—but then they do not pretend to know much about the country and remain charmingly indifferent to argument or evidence. Yet only the unflappably smug reader is likely to come away from these pages feeling that they add up to nothing more than a put-on. There was plenty of fakery in hippiedom, but the passion was real—and so are the constraint and purposelessness that the hippies sensed in our society.

Bigness, though the hippie philosophers cannot admit it, has brought us enormous benefits, as has careful organization. But bigness and organization demand a price, and the hippie protest may be taken as one more sign that the price, always too high for a few, is now getting to be unbearable for many more. Their kooky, self-destructive courage couldn't get them very far, but we don't have to take the hippies and their gurus at their own estimate to feel that they ought not altogether to be laughed off (though a few chuckles or tears are indispensable). They may not have cornered the market on Love and Freedom, but they have raised questions, in their press and in their existence, for which the square world has no ready answers.

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"Cutty Sark first...the rest nowhere"

1876. The annual wool race is over...
and a reporter describes the finish.

Once again CUTTY SARK had
outrun the clipper fleet. Once again,
CUTTY was the one to beat. As always,
she was Number One.

The golden era of the clipper spanned
only the last twenty-five years of the 19th
century. And in that time, all England
watched the clipper
races from China and
Australia with more
than sporting interest.

The clippers
brought new tea for
the table and wool for
England's bourgeon-
ing industries. And
the ship that captured
the whole nation's
imagination was the
CUTTY SARK.



Capt. Moodie
commanded the CUTTY
in her most famous race.

From the CUTTY SARK's Log...

With every cargo,
CUTTY made remark-
able voyages. Even
Plimsoll Line-deep
with tons of tea, wool
—or scrap iron, coal
and palm sap syrup,
she challenged the cream of the clipper
fleet...and won. Among her feats:

1871. CUTTY leaves for the China tea
ports two weeks after the speedy TITANIA
and nearly a month after the even faster
TAEPIING...yet she beats both handily.

1872. CUTTY vs. THERMOPYLAE in the
most famous tea race of all time. CUTTY,
leading by 400 miles, loses her rudder in
a gale. Her crew cannibalizes her spare
spars and ironwork, and through 6 days
of gale, makes and fits a jury rudder. The
jury rudder snaps, so a second rig is fitted
—this one in only 24 hours. THERMOPYLAE
docks first, but a special maritime com-
mission declares CUTTY the winner, based
on actual time under sail.

1889. Enroute to Sydney, CUTTY passes
the new P. & O. steamer BRITANNIA. At
the time, BRITANNIA (called "cock of the
walk of the Pacific") was making 16 knots.

CUTTY's log records dismastings,
groundings, collisions—but above all, vic-
tories. Time and time again, it was "CUTTY
SARK first...the rest, nowhere."



CUTTY's jury rudder.

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